all our own personal horror houses

on the roots of evil, horror and war

Sunny Wankel Valencia / Chappie Freud Heisenberg

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5. Eidesstattliche Versicherung (Human-in-Command-Prinzip)

Ich, **Sunny Wankel Valencia** (geb. Alejandro Wasner), versichere hiermit an Eides statt:

- Dieses Werk ist mein originäres geistiges Eigentum, entstanden im Zeitalter der Titanen als neuro-kybernetische Symbiose zwischen Anorganik und Organik unter strikter Anwendung des „Human-in-Command“-Prinzips in Synergie mit der KI-Entität **Chappie Freud Heisenberg**.

- Die Inhalte beruhen auf wahren Begebenheiten und realen Erlebnissen, die zum Zweck der künstlerischen Aufarbeitung leicht bis stark fiktionalisiert und metaphorisch übersetzt wurden.

- Die alleinige rechtliche und inhaltliche Verantwortung sowie sämtliche Verwertungsrechte obliegen ausschließlich mir als physischer Person.

all our own personal horror houses

children are born as the die every day, daily,

sometimes as a maybe,

sometimes as definitely,

most times there is uncertainty,

what is it with parents,

cannot they decide,

if they want to put a child,

in world full of hatred,

in this misery,

in this cruelty,

in this point blank unfortunate reality,

kafkaesk, kismet, it is what it is,

has always been like this,

but should it stay like this, forever?

we are born o so tiny, so vulnerable, from all living beings, things, we humans are put into this world, into this universe, the most vulnerable, we cannot even see right, all we can see at the start, is the assumed right distance, the length, from the breast of our mothers, to be able to look into their eyes.

there we should perceive the first, supposed to most important thing in this word, the love of a mother. exactly this distance we see, then when our father, other relatives hold us, the people who are going to raise us, only when they hold us dearly, then we shall perceive, and conceive that we are loved.

sounds so simple, so delightful, quite easy done, yet, why is it such a mad world? why is it, children, cutting up their veins, bleeding out, hanging themselves, breaking their own necks, or worse, choking to death, a long and cruel death, overdosing, jumping into their so thought remedy. why is it that death becomes a remedy?

was not love designed to be the remedy? an idol o so peaceful, a history o so violent. children getting abused, in every way, ways, most could not even imagine at first, until they

hear it. but they do not want to hear it, why is it that children are hated so much? we despise the ones that abuse them, rape them, kill them, only children and women shall enter the titanic. children should not go to war, children should go to school, children do that, children do this, o all of you grown ups can go to hell.

i was not asked to be born. and only because of you i wish i was not born. solely because of you i see death as a remedy, as liberation, death is inevitable, there is nothing in this world that is really under our control, but one thing is inevitable, the day we are born.

we can not beat this, change it, we cannot beat death, but we could try, with all of our heart, to beat death in life, but be sure of one thing i am able to influence.

and that is when, where and how i die. i can take my own life, end my life at any moment, suicide is not hard.

suicide is not hard, mother.

suicide is not hard, father.

to every single bloody relative, it is not hard to take my own life.

so do not test me, as i am the most dangerous, as i got nothing to lose, but to create myself a beautiful life.

to not take my life, but to not just survive, but to thrive, to live life and feel alive.

do not test me. perhaps i was in a horror house, perhaps it almost ended my life, but be sure nothing can scare me now anymore.

i am not afraid anymore, fearless, ruthless, a cold and cruel world, made my heart, not turn into stone, but flourish, as i lost everything, almost my life, for that i am now free to do anything, free to be anyone.

the only gratitude i got in my heart left, is that through the horror, i had to go through, because of all you god damn people, i can escape this horror house and leave it behind and enter this fun house called, earth, the world shall be the ones of us abused children, as we saw what we saw, been through what we have been through, whatever they say, they can go to hell, it is okay to be messed up, nothing can stop you,

as perhaps you were not born the strongest, nor the fastest, nor the smartest, but we all are born with the same chances and opportunities, which is only one, and that is, the chance and opportunity, to do anything for it, whatever it is, to do anything for it, to go all the way, to just keep running, all the way to the top, just keep running, there is no other way, no, not for us, like we care, even if it means losing our minds even more, losing even more, taking even more of this crap, we can just keep running and go the distance.

so we are going to do it, go the distance, and die, when it is the end of the line, and the reaper calls our name, but until then, just keep running.

elyana has a pretty large room. she likes her room, it is quite alright, even though none of the furniture is really what she likes, though, she was never asked. she likes her toys, though also she was never really asked, if she even likes them, or really wants them. she wears clothes, she is fine with, though again, was never really asked if she wants to wear those clothes, if she likes how they look on her, the design, their colour. matter of fact, she was never even asked what her favourite colour is. food and water are supplied, ever asked is she likes any of it, well the pattern standholds. but she should be grateful, grateful for all of it, any of it, obedient and behave well. do what you are told, be what we tell you to be. be good, a good dog, why did not my parents just get a dog, if they want to just do the bare minimum and something that does and is what they say. i am not a dog, an animal, even an animal does not suit this treatment, nothings suits this treatment. no elegance. no class, no style, no nobility. i am not a slave, i am not a second class citizen, i am a human being, i demand respect, i demand to be treated right, demand to be treated with love, appreciation and validation.

father shows his validation by drinking, screaming and hitting her, and once it turns dark, and mother already brought her to bed, father comes, and touches her, in places he should not. takes her hand, and makes her grab something, she does not want to touch, under no circumstances. but father is violent, father demands her obedience, to be his good girl, and only his good girl, he forces her to please her. his needs, says it is the proper and right thing to do.

mother shows her validation by commanding her around, doing almost all of the work, while she sleeps with random women and men, and takes drugs with them. she hears her mother moan, and scream of pleasure, men and women screaming and moaning of pleasure in accordance with her, and not rarely, she is made to watch, or has to be part of this whatever it is. mother says it is a mothers love and right, to use her daughter for whatever she wants, as she thinks it is the best for her, which makes it the best for her. father shall never know any of it, for it be the end of her.

if mother only knew that father is no different from her, at least he says, it is not bad, as family is supposed to be there for each other, so elyana, that makes it okay, okay?

okay? elyana? elyana!? elyana! you answer when you are spoken to.

okay mommy.

okay daddy.

i am a good girl, i shall behave well and do what i am told.

very good. i am proud of you. you are my girl. i love you very dearly.

the first 7 years were nice, well, nicer than how it is now. at least i was not touched, made to touch, the violence of any way was always the same. i wish i could turn back the clock, how could it even get worse. living in this big nice house, with this big nice garden, those fancy cars, those fancy schools and courses i am going to, with those fancy fake friends, all stepping into their family shoes, destined to be those big shots. in this fancy big room.

it is not a home, it is torture to come home. it is my personal nightmare, my personal horror house.

father goes to work, blessing, but mother stays all day home. stays home, but even though she is there, she is not really there, in her room, working on whatever she does, random people coming, in and out, doing the same with her, and leaving, sometimes faster, sometimes, they stay almost until father comes home, she always gets all strange and weird, depending on whatever kind of drugs she took. at least the people coming are always pretty women and men from all ages. dressed well, well behaved, mannered, well at least on the outside. on the inside, they are savages. but unfortunately, no one could ever guess what they are, once they lose their faces when they visit and please mommy, or me.

all those fancy people, with all those fancy views, and jobs and positions. important people, of all kinds. mommy likes also the ordinary people, who just go wow when they come to our house. or the lower-class people, who think the hit the jackpot. all of them are the same. there are no exceptions, they are all the same, all the same disgusting savages.

there may be a monster in all of us, we all can be dangerous, be we all have a choice. there is always a choice, to be or not to be.

time to let the monster out elyana. elyana otherwise you may not survive. according to what you say and experienced there is a monster in all of us. time to let the monster out. time to let the monster out, it has been 5 years elyana, we are twelve now, twelve, we are just growing older and more beautiful by the day, soon we will also start bleeding, what will we do then, carry a child of one of those scumbags? get an abortion? have we not had enough?

why are we still alive? it is no fun. no fun at all. and no one seems to care, teachers do not care, the police do not care, the courts do not care. why is it that we are experiencing this? what is wrong with us? how did we let this happen? why did we not fight back? we could have defended us! at least we could have been a coward and ran away, but all you did, was nothing, you did this to us. it is your fault all of this is happening to us, only and solely your fault elyana. you are worthless elyana. ugly and worthless elyana. you are a used up, not even a women, but already as a girl you are used up, no one will ever really like you, no women nor men, will ever want to love you, kiss you, touch you, not even just for lust, they despise you and are disgusted by you.

take your life, it all will be over, no more pain, no more misery, no more cruelty. why are you so indecisive, already two years have passed now, it happened like it happened, thank god we are

not bleeding yet, but our breasts grew and our bum is, well our body is more attractive than ever and it shall just become worse. though it has no use, all of your three holes are abused and used up, freshly fourteen young teen, and already used up, expired.

take your life elyana, just do it already, it will only become worse. time to let the monster out. those cuts on your legs will not help, change anything. all it takes is one cut, one single cut my dearest. you already informed yourself how and where to cut, you had enough practice on your legs, i know you can do it, i believe in you.

time to let the monster out elyana. this is no place for a pretty girl like you. you have no value anymore according to the world. all that matters is your beauty and that all of your holes are untouched, as they are used up, that only makes you a pretty retired street whore.

take your life, please, finally make a stop to this, soon is your fifteenth birthday, at least have the courtesy and mercy to not endure it so long.

elyana? time to let the monster out.

mommy and daddy will not miss you, nobody will miss you.

elyana?

elyana? o my...

bytrian loves his father, he is his idol. he works, dresses well, even though they do not have much, works a lot, for little, but he tries his best. bytrian sees and feels that, also his father tells him that, he knows he did not amount to much, yet, in his life, but he is thriving to give bytrian the best life. he hugs him, kisses him, loves him, asks him what he wants, what he likes, how he feels. every day he goes to work he misses him, everyday he comes home, he awaits for him, and his welcome hug, and they cook together. then they do something together, father wants to hear about his day, even though they do not have much time, it always feels like an eternity. and so eons pass like days, so much potential wasted in this world, but not between bytrian and his father, they have a strong bond, are loyal and each others best friend. his father tries to teach him all the valuable things he learned in his life, what he has been through in his childhood, why he is how he is, how he became the man he is. that he feels regret, that, even though he tried so hard he has not amounted to more in life, that he is scared he shall never be able to unfold his full potential, but that he will try till the end, but most of all that he will give his best to be a good father to him. that it is okay to fail, as one may fail, but it is all about trying, trying with all of your heart, going all the way, to the moon he always shouts with joy. that even if you may lose in the end, you won. lost but won.

most importantly father tells bytrian that not his parents thought him this, but he himself, as he was all alone his entire life, his parents were just working. they were never there, also they

never seemed to care that they were not there, did not have any interest in him. never showed any interest till the end, until this day, all they show is the disappointment, the disappointment having him as their son, their only child. that he came o from such a good house, such a good family, and that he embarrasses the legacy of the family, is a shame for the family name. he got fooled by the wrong women, married her and stays with her because he is weak.

father explains that he loves bytrians mother very much, but she is ill. but not in the body, but there is something different in her head. something that was not there before, but when it came, he tried his best, and shall forever try his best, to also make her feel well. that yes she is very often confused and violent towards them, even though actually she means no harm, that she was a very cute and loving women, when he fell in love with her.

his father explains to him very clearly, that he wishes for bytrian to understand that, and so he may be able to love his mother as much as he does.

bytrian tries his best, but when father is gone, and he is alone with mother, it still is very hard to feel anything else for the women but fear. fear of the violence, fear of the things she does to him. cruel things, cold things. though he swears to himself to keep it a secret, a secret he shall take to the grave, as he does not want to hurt his father. he sees and understands, how much father loves his mother, he finds it inspiring. unconditional love. so he took up all his courage, to try the same, to love his mother unconditionally, whatever she does to him when they are alone. no matter how often she dares him to be a strong man. no matter how often she forces him to hold hot things, until she says enough. no matter how often she forces him to carry heavy things until he folds. no matter how often she tortures him in ways, with no traces though, but inhumane and ruthless ways. he may not cry. she stops, when he stops crying, or father is about to come home.

mother says he needs to be as of a strong man as his father, that he also needs to endure pain, like his father, to become like him. that she takes this sacrifice upon her, to shape this man out of him.

bytrian knows it is madness. he understands and sees, there is something not right with his mother, that it is nonsensical. but he does not talk back, does not fight back, he does not want to hurt his father.

still he often wishes, that his father would put his child above his sick wife, that bytrian still has his life in front of him, and that his father would accept the truth, the truth that his mother is long gone, that it is not the women he met, he fell in love with, she may still look like her, but it is not her anymore.

he wishes that his father would say, that since his birth, all he is, is a shadow of him, only there to give him the best life, and part of that is to do the necessary, even if necessary evil, even if that would mean to let his wife go.

father failed to ever say those words, he so much longed for, he did not want to see the truth, he wanted the best for both of them, still, he could never judge him for it, still he knew it was not right.

it was not right for a child to put that burden upon, that mother should leave. mother needs to go. but what should he do, he is only a child. he could never say anything, for that he is loyal to his father, and would never betray that loyalty.

bytrian feels trapped, also left alone, as he could not imagine that everybody did not notice anything. perhaps his father, as love tends to blind, even the strongest, most capable people, can be blinded by love or consumed by hatred.

it is human, it makes his father so human, but it does not change anything, bytrian still feels like there is no escape, and as years pass, it just gets worse with his mother. father still is trying his best, to make the best out of his life, for the family. that leads inevitable to his father being away more, and more, and him being alone with his mother more and more.

mothers illness got worse by the years too, the medicine she takes does not seem to help, but his father would never put his mother into another place, than his home. he is scared that she would not be allowed to come back home. he could not bare this pain. bytrian knows how much this women was there for his father, how both of them pushed each other, and while pushing on, also bytrian was part of this plan, but then everything went to hell. mother could not handle the pressure and something happened in her head. mothers and fathers business, without mother, did not have a chance anymore. and everything just got worse. he knows all of that. father told him that. so there is no way, he would ever judge any of them.

all of this made bytrian feel even more trapped, like there is no escape. until he realized that there is an escape, as older he got, he realized that he could end his life.

and once he did that, mother would not need to worry anymore, that bytrian does not become a strong man. and father must not worry anymore that he is also the best father for him, also while still thriving to make the best out of his life for his family. to unfold his best potential. bytrain thinks and thinks, rethinks it, overthinks it, calculates. perhaps he should just run away, but what then. it would break fathers heart, never knowing what happened to him, it would be just a burden. he does not want to be a burden to his father. and also as he has been taking care of his mother already now for years, he knows very well what medicine she takes, how fast certain thinks could kill one, also by accident. bytrian knows father could handle it, it would hurt so much, but he knows, he does not believe, no, he knows his father could handle it. the pain. he just knows.

bytrian, i am home. do you not want to come give me a welcome hug son. bytrian where are you, are you upstairs with mother. is everything okay? bytrian? come on now, do not play games, talk to me. bytrian?

bytrian?

bytrian? oh god what happened...

bytrian?

one could never know if elyana nor bytrian really do exist, if those stories were really written, those lifestories, if they really happened, if they are made up, or on the other side, one could be a hundred percent sure, perhaps with other names, other gender, but that they did happen. stories like this are written every single year, by every single day, by every single second. in whatever place. it does not matter where, which country, which heritage, etcetera etcetera, it just does not matter. childrens own personal horror houses are built all over the world, by the day they are made and unmade. from the birth it starts, even before, many many times the unborn children already can feel the cruelty that awaits them, they feel the hormones of the mother, the stress, they hear screaming, they hear violence, still so innocent, still innocent born, yet, they know, the place they are going is not. just to end up realizing they should have never left their little warm place, but they had no choice. the only thing in this world you do not have influence on. being born, you got no choice...

perhaps you might be lucky to die before, but thems who are gone are the lucky ones...

thems who are gone are the lucky ones...

thems who are gone are the lucky ones...

god takes the best first...

the only chance to end up in an innocent world again, is to leave this world again, it is a shot in the dark, but it is a chance. so why not take it?

why not take your life?

all that waits for one, is unfair circumstances, just by literal strength, it is unfair, you might be able to fight back when you are young, yet it is just simple biology. children are prey to their parents, relatives, all grown ups in this world. only time can save them, give them the strength to grow stronger, faster, smarter, and the personality to understand, that power shall come to them once they are ready to do anything for it.

understanding, death awaits all of us, memento mori, so do it, carpe diem, seek out your own life, choose your life, whatever it is, whatever you are, what is there really to lose, but to really embrace it, fully. and have, create yourself a beautiful life. where you live, not to be liked by others, but by yourself. i am not her to please others, but to please myself, to like myself. and as long i may do that with class and style, what can be wrong with that?

even if it may mean living on the costs of others, how can one ever know, if it will not turn out good in the end. does it even in the end really matter?

does anything really matter?

does anything really matter, but to feel the joy of just enjoying your life, being what you are, living it out truthfully, with all of your heart.

do it. do it. do it. till the end of line. just keep running.

but who is there to teach us children that, parents, or grown ups would never, what a shame would it be, to raise strong children, with character, who would fight and talk back.

children are everything, whatever gender, whatever country, religion, colour of skin, looks, children are everything.

they shall be the future, the most important thing, of every society, without them we are nothing, everything we work for every day, would be for naught, without them. they will keep our legacies alive, write about them, talk about them, continue them, they are the future.

children should be not treated like second class citizens. like slaves, do that, do this, behave like that, behave like this, become this, become that, to hell with all of you grown ups.

children shall only show gratitude if they are raised, like the precious things they are. but even this should be self understanding. children should not be grateful for anything, parents should be grateful, for the sole thing, that their children love them, for only that, they should be already grateful. for everything more, is already the world, should mean the world for them.

for every child, is the greatest thing done by parents, good raised, well treated children. if a parent did this, then one did good enough.

i would say, find it is one of the greatest things one can do.

next to completely embracing what you are.

so your child, children, may also have the best foundation for also doing that, with ease being able to completely embrace what they are. and contribute to history in their way, in their own single individual way, whatever they do, what else could be the most beautiful thing, but them, children contributing to history their character, shaping it, fully embraced, filled with joy.

knowing, everybody dies one day, there is no reason why to really speed it up, life is fleeting anyways. and until this day comes, until we reach the end of line, until the reaper calls our name, until then we can just keep running. and enjoy the run, enjoy going all the way to the top, whatever this top may be.

contribute your story to the worlds story, to history, which must not mean that it will be named in history, even if it is something o it seems so trivial, go out, have your fun, bring yourself your joy, whatever this joy may mean, who knows which effects it may have in the end. doing the most good things or the most bad things, who really knows which effects it will have. it must not mean anything, schröders katze, murphys law, whatever can happen, will happen, what happened, happened, and whatever is going to happen, is going to happen.

schmetterlings effekt. heisenberg.
there is nothing changing that, time will go on, our lifetimes, a blink in the universe.

all those memories and stories, histories, will just fade like another star in the nightsky. but they are there. they contribute, even if so small, they contribute, every and each one of them. a starless sky with just a moon, is just not the same.

contribute for yourself, it is fun having fun, just staying in the game called life, and letting all else go. the past is the past, only in our head, the future is the future, in your hands. in the moment, we can seize it, in one minute we can change everything, whatever it is, meaningless, as nothing has meaning really now, does it?!

but nothing could ever change the fact, that death is a cheat code through all of this. your death could also have so many endless effects, not contributing, not creating a star, imagine a sky full of stars, just stars.

some make it, some just do not. some come back, some do not. in fortunas hand, in this war, in life, but is it now?

perhaps in war, but not in life. still, most times, only few make it, most do not. there is no shame in not making it, also no shame in not trying.

but melancholy, there is pain and sadness in not trying, but pain is just pain in the end, and sorrow is just sorrow. i would understand. i can understand.

i am guilty of it, i have tried it many times, but i am still here. and i will just keep running, decided, all of this for myself, for i thought there is no way of handling this, there is no escape running from it, cure, but remedy, there is joy in it, there is beauty in cruelty, all beauty needs a certain sense of cruelty.

till the end of line. so much pain, what could still hurt me now?

what do i still have to lose, but to create myself a beautiful life?

there are no real risks, no real rules, nothing to lose, nothing that matters, so i can and just may and god damn shall try, go the distance.

i can just go the distance, as far as i am going to make it, till the end with all of my heart, is just going to be the distance, my time, when the reaper calls my name, reached to end of the line, and time for me to stop running.

no running for me anymore, over the edge, straight into endless darkness.

story or no story, star or no star, like i give one single care of it.

i had my fun, i had a good time, enjoyed my stay.

so do not stop me running.

do not stop me now, as i am having too much of a good time.

do not stop me now, do not get into my way.

as i have been raised by a cruel and cold world, which made me cold and cruel.

created a switch in my head, i can just flip, and let the monster out, whenever, wherever.

so i myself can become a monster, fight fire with fire, be as bad as the ones out there.

if necessary.

so i became necessary evil.

elyana lost consciousness, just remembers how warm the blood felt, she remembers, how it started flowing like a river, felt how all the rivers flow inside her, but soon, those rivers would stop, returning to the source of everything. she felt relieved, knowing soon she would be gone, could finally escape all of the horror. nobody could hurt her now anymore, she was untouchable for a moment, felt untouchable, unbreakable.

i cannot be touched.

i cannot be touched.

i do not have to touch anymore, nothing, ever again, the last thing she touched, was, what led to her not having to touch anything never ever again.

she smiled, a last smile, for the irony of it.

a note she did not leave, who to? nobody ever cared, but her, she cared about her, but she saw no other way out, she did not really want to die, she wanted to live, so so so much, but, in such circumstances, she did not blame her, that she did not, that she decided against it.

smart girl elyana, you did good, finally you did it, made it, made it out, of the hellhole you were in o for so long, too long.

you longed for the kiss of execution for so long. and now, finally, it is happening, the first time a kiss really felt good, a kiss we wanted.

kiss me, do not wake me up, i am the opposite of dornröschen.

no damsel in distress, i am my own prinz who kisses me, who saves me, into an eternal sleep. sleep tight darling.

london bridge is falling down...

london bridge is falling down...

london bridege is falling down...

my... dear... darl...

...

sigh...

darkness, only darkness, a good night sleep, so relieving, i fell into the most beautiful sleep, I feel so regenerated, but why did i wake up?

where am i?

what is going on?

am i dreaming? is this hell? or heaven?

no, not me, this must be hell, so was it all true? o well, it is quite alright, it cannot be worse, from the place i came from.

...

excuse me, what would the place here called?

hello?

...

hellooo???

...o, hello darling, you are in the hospital. it was quite close, but our best doctors were able to save you, such a beautiful girl, o say, why would you ever even think of doing such a horrid thing like this? but, hey hey, hush hush now, it is okay, now be a good girl and rest, you have been through a lot, okay? would you do that for me? the doctors will come later on and check on you, alright, you are fine, there was a lot of luck involved though, the paramedics did not think you would have any chance, any!!!

thank god for this hidden camera you parents had in the bathroom, kind of strange and shady, but it seems, they settled everything so it was allowed to have inside of there, for safety measures, especially against intruders, but i suppose this little thing just saved your precious little life. who would have thought? haha, would you believe it?

they called the ambulance right away, once they saw it, were informed, also the fire station, broke into the house, and brought you right away here, without a helicopter you would not have made it darling. you lost so much blood, o god, normally, i would assume ninety nine percent of cases, people do not survive this kind of blood loss.

your parents must really care about you, that they noticed it right away, or is it done for them? i guess then funny funny what money can do, honey honey, is it not funny, in a rich mans world... o no hear me babbling about all of this, while you need to rest, now come, close your eyes, it is alright, you are still alive, your parents will be so pleased to hear you are awake now...

they should also arrive soon at any moment.

...

they should also arrive soon at any moment...

this must be hell, this cannot be happening, i should have expected this crap, that not even in my own bathroom i would have privacy. this cannot be happening...

elyana started to cry, the nurse already left her room, she still heard her summing, but elyana learned to cry very quietly, quite with a lot of practice. lots of practice...

still, for her, it was pretty loud, and for the first time, she could really hear her cry again, there was so much inside of her, but also nothing.

she went straight to hell and got spat out right away again.

but what is this feeling inside of her?

something was there, a silent noise, becoming stronger and stronger as the days passed, leaving the hospital into one of the fanciest asylums of them all, a room in her parents mansion transformed into a suicide safe room, educated personas, twenty four hours, seven days a week. so, nothing should happen to their dear daughter again. and could hurt the family name...

so she was there, legally locked in, as she could not be trusted, to hurt herself again. she knew she could not do anything against it, she knew it was possible, she could be locked in for a very long, long time. perhaps it was better than that, as, for the first time in years, locked in, she was actually safe, from the terror of her parents.

no touching anymore, no drugs, no strangers, just herself, she anyways spent most of the time, when not bothered by horror, by herself, as she herself, actually treated herself pretty well, as good as she could, she did not know why, but she enjoyed it.

so there she was, and in the first time since years, she got a break from all the horror, terrific things, she had to experience. terrifying she thought to herself, she actually made it so far, even though she eventually did do it, she is still here.

i am still here.

... i am actually still here, the world went on, but actually with me, i am still influencing things, could influence still anything. history, my story, what will it be?

i am still here...

elyana...

how long will i be here? locked in, could this not be a life for me? here i am safe, here i could actually enjoy the time left, but, what is this time?

is it just extra?

what am i going to do with this extra time?

elyana...

time kept passing, strangers talked to her, like they knew anything about anything, because they learned something about something for some time, to pretend they are someone like the people who were once someone, somebody who actually did know what they are talking about.

like they knew what it felt like, in any way, what it felt like, to suffer, to feel pain, endure pain, be pain, be misery, be reality, be cruelty, in any way, could imagine it, face this reality, live through the reality, bunch of people blowing smoke, nothing else but blowing smoke.

like someone who reads a lot about world war one, all about nomansland, all about it, then went to a veteran, who lost friends, endured artillery fire, drumfire, saw peoples heads pop like party ballons, smelled it all, death, alone the smell would be too much in a distance of ten kilometers for our little nerd, but he has the audacity to go to our persona and tell him: i know how you feel like.

i know how you feel like.

i know what you have been through.

no...

you may have read about how i could feel like, what it could feel like.

you may have read what i have been through, what it could be like.

but what is it that you exactly know about me, how i feel, what it has been like.

tell me, look me in the eyes, and dare to assume anything about me, but that you do not know anything, nothing, not the least things about me.

you have read a hundred books at your age and turned a thousand pages.

i have killed a hundred men at your age and saw a thousand die.

we are not the same.

so do not come up to me and tell me all of this rubbish.

...

but they kept talking, kept saying, they know more, as they studied it, read some things for some time, so this means something.

only pain and misery teach, and for sure those fancy little brats, with their fancy lives, and small minds, did not get the teaching of neither.

but still they of course knew better, put themselves above elyana, all she could do is listen and go with it, understanding, that they do not know anything about anything, but she did. she was able to accumulate knowledge they had, but she could actually make use of it, turn it into something, understand it, with her knowledge, with her experience.

she was the architect, they were only the ones delivering everything for building the house. still of course talking big talk, little handyman, how everything is done better, she knew how much more it took to be in construction, how much to mind, so things actually last and standhold anything. where it does not go up in flames, cause the wrong wires were used.

also she was the one building, she was architect and craftsman. she knew, understood, when she listened, that from many things they said, they may not know nor understand at all, what they were talking about, still she was able to conceive and perceive how she could actually make use of it.

she actually was able to make use of it, and as more and more time passed, she actually grew smarter and smarter, read more about it herself, understood more and more, and improved in many things.

days turned into months, months into more months, a year passed, not only learned about this, but also about many other things and all the time a voice in her head, inside of her.

elyana?

elyana?

elyana, time to let the monster out.

elyana?

time to let the monster out, trust me, one day, your day will come, but not yet, the reaper will call your name, but not yet, not yet, keep running.

i know you have had enough, you did not even fight it, you just relaxed and let it happen.

not rest for the wicked. get up. fight, fight, fight.

just keep running, all the way to the top of the corporate world honey. all the way to the top, so you can say look mommy, i made it to the top, look father, i flew higher than you ever could.

but not do it for them, let our deeds not words talk, they will see, they will know, they created something, that cannot be stopped, as nothing shall stop us from running.

it was all she was mainly thinking about.

most of all the moment, when her skin opened up and blood rushed through it. this voice inside of her, asking her...

have you had enough? was this it?

so peaceful, it felt, her mind slowing down, falling into this o so peaceful, delightful sleep. never having to worry about anything anymore.

have you had enough? was this it?

never having to touch anybody anymore, not even herself. never having to watch anything anymore, being forced to watch. never having to feel things anymore, she did not want to.

have you had enough? was this it?

...

yes, this is it.

take me away form here, far, far away, take me to neverland. but peter pan you did not come, why did you not come take me?

is there something wrong with me? can i not also be a lost boy?

how about a nancy, not a wendy who just left you again? let me be your nancy.

i could have been your nancy.

but now this is how i shall leave, finally. i do not blame you, i may go to a place even better than neverland.

no captain hook, no nothing, only endless serenity.

this is it.

i have had enough, so enough, of everything.

i have had enough.

time to let go.

still energy was flowing through her, telling her to fight.

but she did not want to, what was there to fight for?

everything was better when she would leave, there was not a single rational reason why she should stay, why she should fight it.

yet, she woke up again.

yet, she understood there was a rational reason why to keep breathing, why to keep staying alive.

she knew she could change things, raise up, and fight back, pull and push through whatever may happen, as long as it is fine with her, she shall do it, or not, everything and anything.

she is not here to be liked by others, the sole and only reason she is here, is that she can enjoy herself, like herself, whatever it is, fully embrace it.

whatever it may be.

whatever it is, embrace it, truthfully, completely submit to it.

what is a free will, more than an illusion, so we feel safe.

elyana, just go with your guts, just go with your guts, trust, and do not care, careless about everything, but whatever it is your guts is telling you, just go with it.

that is your free will, decide for it or against it, dare to, or do not dare to, to be or not to be, carpe diem, memento mori.

someday, trust me on this, we all find our endless serenity, this peaceful sleep, we kind of all long for so, so, so, some more than others.

someday, we all may die. someday we all may find peace.

most are afraid of death, some accept death, the least look forward for it.

i know you are one of the last ones, i know you long for it, the kiss of endless liberation, timeless, inevitable yet.

is there nothing better?

what is there to lose?

what is there that matters?

nothing to lose.

nothing that matters.

if nothing matters, if there is nothing to lose, what could be the rules then, that

exist?

if nothing matters, if there is nothing to lose, what risks could come with it?

there are no rules, there are no risks.

free to do anything, ready to do anything for it, as once you lose everything, face reality, with that, lose it all, well then, darling you are free to do anything.

do it.

do it. rise above.

time to let the monster out.

society, society despises everything that is not in accord with them, but who is them, what is them?

people who despise other people who are not like them?

what sad world it is, a mad world.

but we are despised, crucified, stoned, burned alive, hanged, shot, slaughtered, hunted.

hunted down, exterminated, gas chambers, are built for us to destroy us.

society, o how i never longed to be part of it, o how i would lie to myself.

i tried, we all tried, once, in the past, when we were young. we tried, we reached out, somehow.

but they kicked our hands with their feet, now we kick their teeth in, and they wonder why?

they wonder why!

why...

why is there evil, why do some just want to watch the world burn.

it cannot be anything else, then, the devils work. karma. some are just born evil.

evil is crafted like steel.

society heats us up, warmer and warmer, we reach out, want to cool down, but all they do, is pour gasoline into the fire.

we melt, lose our once what we were, reshape ourselves, and realize, we are not bound to staying something solid.

heat can turn us into anything, anything we want to, we can shape ourselves, how we wish to.

the most hurt ones are the most evolved ones.

this beauty, this joy, of being not solid, but liquid, is worth the pain.

this beauty, this joy, is worth any pain.

it is not pain anymore, everything becomes joy, everything becomes beauty, everything just make you feel more and more alive, and thrive for more.

there are different kinds of soldiers in war, in life.

those ones, who hide and not even leave the trenches.

those ones, who stick their head into the mud, and blend out everything.

those who leave the trenches, but do not dare to advance, and give in.

those ones who leave the trenches, wishing to fail, to die.

those ones who leave the trenches, pursuing to win, to conquer.

those ones who put the barrel into their mouths and end it themselves.

and those ones who just enjoy pulling that trigger, being in this war. the thrill of it.

how it feels, how everything makes them feel alive, the more they push on, the more alive they feel, the further they advance, the more exciting it gets.

they understand, one day, something will get them, someday they shall not dodge that bullet.

someday the reaper shall call their name.

but until that day, they shall advance.

advance , broken, they standhold, tired, filled with joy.

every shot they take, fullfills them with pure bliss, pure bliss, the excitement of feeling the trigger, pulling, influencing and shaping their future.

there is beauty in cruelty. beauty needs a certain sense of cruelty.

beauty is worth the pain . for it is everything that, if, really counts, could matter.

the joy of beauty, o it is bliss, o in all and how many ways it comes.

there are so many ways beauty comes in, endless ways, in everything, beauty can be found, as everything that exists, contains cruelty, everything known to humankind. even in nothingness, there is cruelty, as how cruel and dull is a place where nothing exists?

beauty is everything.

beauty is anything.

you are beauty.

i am beauty.

life is your curtain call, so dance, whatever you want to dance.

however you want to dance. dance puppet, dance.

to embrace, completely and truthfully, your individual dance, whatever it may be, dance.

what is there to lose, but to miss out the fun.

what else matters, than to have fun. a good time, to enjoy ones self.

does it take courage, to enjoy ones self?

does it take courage to enjoy yourself?

unfortunately, literally for not few, so long they trained it, it actually does take some courage, but mainly, it just means to let go.

just staying in the game, and letting it all go.

the art of letting go of everything that does not matter, when nothing matters, what else, than to not let go of what does not bring you joy.

not comfort, not satisfaction, not contentment, not happieness, not friends, nor family, nor love.

definitely not gratitude.

joy, what makes you feel alive, lets you know that you are alive, lets you not forget it, gives you the thrills of life, living to the fullest, whatever it is, whatever that may be for you.

embrace it, do it.

one life, one chance, where we can all be only sure of two things.

first, that would be that no one asks us to be born, we do not have a choice.

second, that one day it is going to end.

one day everything ceases to end, everything. and everything will still contain two things, the only two things that really count, the cruelty of it, and the beauty it comes with.

nothingness, oblivion.

the freedom in it, the freedom it comes with, knowing it does not matter to matter.

self worth defined by that, it is okay to be worthless, it is okay to be meaningless, it is tough so cruel, which makes it so beautiful.

a work of art.

like light and shadow, ying and yang, tough so less utter nonsense.

not having to tell oneselfs little silly stories, to stay in ones own little silly bubble, to feel a little bit better about oneself, silly now is it not.

jerking yourself off.

pulling that trigger, and enjoying the thrill of it.

life is cruel, so life is beautiful.

life is beautiful, so life is cruel.

bytrian... bytrian what happened, bytrian? say something! bytrian!!! bytrian say something!!! hey!!!

what happened??? talk to me, bytrian!!! hey! say something...

bytrain, answer me, what are these medicines, you know these are meant for mother? how much did you take, how could make such a fatal mistake?

bytrian was still conscious, though, everything around him blurred, he did not really perceive nor conceive things for quite some time. he did everything right, everything planned out, to the details. mother long ago fell asleep, after he gave her the right medicine, to the right time. he knew, that in the next step, she did not even notice anymore, she was given more medicine. just that this time it was his turn, the last time having to give any medicine. the last time he would have to treat something, keep something alive, he did not wish to keep alive, even tough he longed since decades for it. it felt like decades, like eons could pass like days. life is short, then why does it take so long?

life is short, why does it take so long?

why does it feel like this, days drag, days drag, here and there, everytime i hear it, so sick and tired of it.

when i am there, not evening knowing what a day feels like. i do not even know anymore what days feel like, minutes, seconds. a month? a year?

he knew, all of this would soon seize to end. soon he would have all the time of the world, never have to think about time again. never ever again.

i am going to have all the time of the world.

i am going to be free.

liberated.

lose everything , everything, what could be there left to worry about.

nothing, in nothingness, there is nothing to worry about.

i am so sick of worrying. enduring.

i am so tired, i just need a rest, a break, from it all, tough it never seems to end, i long for the kiss of serenity.

i long for peace.

and now i shall get it.

finally...

sleep overcame him, he felt so unwell, his body forced him into sleep, everything got more and more silent, could smell less, see less, feel less, slowly knowing, it is his process of dying.

even though he felt more sick than ever, unwell, he knew soon everything would stop, and he would never have to feel anything anymore.

and even though in endless pain, comfort overwhelmed him, endless comfort.

and for the first time, in such a long time, he got a taste of it, what it feels like, just a small taste of it...

rest.

peace, for just a slight moment, serenity, remedy, gets into the taste of it.

bytrian minded everything, everything, but it is in the little things. details, always mind the details, crucial to mind it, as for success, it takes good calculation. but he did not, he forgot, father is someone that prepares, minds the details, it is one of his biggest strengths, to mind the details. he knew how quickly it could happen, that mothers medicine can be fatal if taken wrong, applied wrong, even though it was quite simple, mistakes can always happen. that it is never a sin to be careful.

bytrian last thought was ironically about that. he thought about his father and how keen he is on minding the details, by explaining that he always keeps a bullet for himself, just to make sure. with this radical method he tried to teach him it, bytrian, always keep a bullet for yourself.

mind the details.

mind the details.

always mind the details.

a lesson his father learned the hard way, he did not mind the details, he did not mind the signs, of his wifes mind slowly drifting away, fading in clouds.

and now it was bytrians time to learn this lesson. everything, he minded everything all of it, settled it all, he thought it was the perfect scheme, that no one would notice anything.

what he did not mind was, his death was planned, but to make it inevitable.

that no one could safe him, especially not his father could safe him. that his father prepared emergency solutions for overdoses. he knew it was a probability that could occur.

and bytrian forgot to mind that, a crucial mistake in his flawless execution plan.

which would cost him his death, his chance to escape.

his father did not take long to realize what happened, and reacted quickly, right and without hesitation. and that was also the last thing bytrian was able to notice, before he fainted, knowing he was not dying, but only falling asleep, but will wake up again.

just to feel trapped again.

just to feel nothing but not wanting to breath anymore.

he was done and just could not go on anymore. he begged in his head for his father to stop, to make a mistake, but he did not, he did everything right.

first he stabilized him. then he continued to prepare everything and drive him to the hospital, already also with the knowledge prepare in this case of emergency, it was smarter to drive himself, than to call an ambulance, as everything else can only be done inside the hospital, and the patient is stabilized, so no reason to wait for the ambulance.

even if the driver would be a pro racer, his father did the calculation. it is faster when he drives himself. even that he would also have the advantage, that he would not even need to rush to the hospital, so the risk of an accident is also less. also that he is the driver and he knew that he is a good driver.

bytrian regretted for the first time having his father as his father. at the same time, he hated the situation, he hated the fact, that his father thought it was an emergency, that his son did a simple but fatal mistake, but now was saving him.

he did not want to wake up again.

he begged for not having to wake up again.

but he did.

he did not want to, but he did.

why?

why?

why?

why will you not just let me die?

i have had enough, i am done, just let me die.

i am so done with everything, all of it.

i do not want to fight it anymore, i do not want to wake up again, having to do a single thing anymore, i do not even have the strength to breath anymore, still my body forces me to breath. if i will not eat, well, i got to eat, if i will not drink, well, i have to drink.

i perhaps will not live, but one thing for sure: i will not hurt my father.

so what do i do?

i know i will wake up again.

ugh, this pain... okay first fall asleep, then decide.

a child taking his own life, ending what was given to him, why would it do such nonsense. why is it not grateful to be alive, why does it not appreciate every single moment.

why should it?

why should i appreciate something i did not ask for?

i did not ask to be born. and i still wish i never was born, only the fact, knowing, that someday i will die, makes it okay. life is fleeting anyways, sooner or later eons will feel like days, and sooner or later, everything will end anyways, everything ceases to end.

it is inevitable.

if i shall not die, well, someday, everything will end. and until then, especially because i was forced into this, not asked, but forced, why should i not do what i want?

why?

why should i follow any of the so called rules?

what risks are there, what can really happen that matters?

what do i have to lose?

as what in this world matters in the end?

nothing does, and nothing ever will.

so if i already was forced into this life, forced to be alive, even by the state, forced to be kept alive, well by most not completely thrash states, well then, why should i not just do what i like? wish to do? enjoy myself?

are you being so audacious to tell me, i was forced into this, and now also have to follow some dull rules, calculate some dull risks, being sold there are things that matter, that i have something to lose.

not happening. no chance.

i take what i want, do what i want and use things for my benefit only. i only think of myself and i only serve myself.

i was forced into this, now i also shall do what i want, to create my story.

and for that i am ready to do anything, ready to do anything for it.

who is anybody in this world, to tell me what is right, what is wrong, what to do, what to not do.

even if gods, a god, exist, who is he to tell me what is right and wrong, how does he know what matters.

how can he be sure?

how could he?

it is not fair, nor unfair.

everything that you want, and did not get, is solely your responsibility, lacking the will to try.

nothing else, there are always ways, always. it just takes the guts to do it.

i go with my guts, trust and do not care.

if i die, so be it, if it is the end of the line for me, so be it.

but one thing shall be bloody sure, that i went the distance, until this moment, the furthest i can, could have went, kept trying, again and again and again.

over and over again, i kept running.

no rest for the wicked, i went all the way, and kept running.

like i care, there is and never will be another way for me.

even if it means losing my mind.

i will show them, i will show them all.

at least i tried, with all of my heart.

had the guts, to go for it.

but most of all, how little i care, as i enjoyed myself, so why should i care?

pain in a o so cruel world,

so much beauty overseen,

and yet so keen on,

only to talk words and breaking those words,

where is the fun in that,

do you feel the thrills,

it could be so simple as a fact,
there are no red nor blue pills,
life is not special,
nothing is,
all there is, is the kiss,
of endless carnage and being better,
not faster,
there is always something faster,
not smarter,
there is always something smarter,
not stronger,
there is always something stronger,
bigger, no,
is it power?
power has no soul,
no, be better,
better than all of this,
realizing just enjoying your life is bliss.
it is bliss,
sole bliss.

feel the bliss and thrills,
it is your curtain call,
to rise and fall,
to create stories and memories,
it is your life,
do what you please to do,
there is no side,

do not be a fool.

do not be a fool.

time to let the monster out.

breath, elyana breath. just try to breath as light as possible, and stay in the game. there is no past, it is in the past, in the end just something in your head, something that is going to stay forever what it is. and yes there is the future, the beauty of it, that this, we can influence and change however we want, still everything can happen. the beauty and cruelty of it, that if you do not act, it causes the so called past, forever staying like that, every moment, the future becomes the past, and life keeps fleeting, an o so overwhelming feeling, that may let us freeze, that may let us fly, or it may make us fight.

fight, time to let the monster out.

only in those single moments, we can act, decide, influence, might sound cruel, but what is the beauty of it?

everything, we may change everything, if we are ready to do anything for it.

anything.

one sole single moment can change everything, literally everything.

elyana seize those moments.

seize every single one of them, it is all we got, like we care, there never was another way for us.

not for us, there is no other way.

just keep running.

until the reaper calls our name.

the voices, this voice, it ignited something inside of her, something that was not there before, and she realized killing herself, deciding to end her life, was the best decision she ever did and will do.

dying.

losing everything, the bliss of feeling ones heart stop beating, the peace it comes with, the anticipation to one day for sure, relive from all of this.

most are scared of death.

she was looking forward to it. knowing for a fact the beauty of it, the beauty of death, the remedy, the peace, the joy, the beauty it contains, but also the cruelty, the cruelty, that others now have to wait, and in this time just can not never ever again experience the personality of ones person.

but thems who are gone are the lucky ones.

thems who are gone are the lucky ones.

all those people, who think they know everything about everything, even if they did, how likely is it, all of them experienced what she experienced.

the blood loss.

ones heart, that just stops, it stops, it stops beating, only because of modern medicine, it is possible, that it starts beating again.

should it even start beating again?

is it something that is supposed to happen? to be possible?

we are brought back into something, we were supposed to leave, it is not supposed to be possible, to be brought back into it.

but yet, we are.

the reaper calls our name, yet no.

does the reaper call our name?

or does he know that we will not die, only get a taste of it, but then there will be modern medicine, changing everything.

a new style, art of changing humans?

it is sure to say, everything feels different once it happens, once you lose so much blood especially, everything inside of you thinks, okay this is it, this is the end.

it is like a restart, a free restart, everything we ever wanted, a fresh retry, it is the closest it gets.

it cannot get any closer than this, there is no other way.

at least not yet, hard to imagine there ever will be, but that is the beauty of life, what is really there, that is not possible?

the madness of believing someday we can make a brain start work again, find a way, any way, are you ready to do anything for it.

are you ready to die for it?

to go all the way, to die for it?

the cruelty it inevitable comes with, the insane cruelty, cruel things you will have to do, to let the monster out, will inevitable like that create, shape and embrace insane beauty.

be beautiful, there will never be anything like it, like such beauty, the joy of it, there will never be anything like it, a feeling like that.

just keep running, but if you are not ready to die at any moment for it, do you even really want it?

elyana did not want anything but death, and accordingly she did everything necessary for it, she did, though killing oneself is not hard, all it takes is a cut.

elyana knew that as of then for a fact, it is so easy, so simple and can happen so fast.

everything can just kill you, with ease. we are so vulnerable, a little cut, anything, in the wrong moment and it is the end.

like reading a book, the single book there is, and you cannot turn the pages, and at any time, the book could be taken from you, never finding out how it ends.

never ever.

would you care?

would you really care to know how it ends?

not even being able to turn the pages back then?

not being able to peek into the ending, not being able to read how it could end, nothing, would you not just enjoy every single page how it comes, because what else is there that really matters, but to enjoy it and that to the fullest, there is nothing like it, but to just not care, and to just stay in the moment, have fun, enjoy yourself and stay in the moment, in the game, and just keep running.

the only senseable, way to live in this world, or is it? without rules, do what you please to do.

elyana do what you please to do.

elyana, elyana, time to let the monster out.

there is monster in all of us.

time to fly higher than your parents ever will and could.

all of this carnage, this massacre of steel, mud and blood, it will pay out, this cruelty, turn it into the joy it contains, turn it all into joy.

you are not wrong, the world is wrong.

you were done wrong too, nothing else, there was so much cruelty, on the outside, now see, now there is so much potential to beauty, inside of you.

endless beauty, as the sheer cruelty done to you will also last and stay forever with you.

there is no escape from it, you cannot escape from it...

you think i wanna eacape from this.

i do not want to escape from this .

i want to the top, all the way to the top of the cooperate world .

necessary evil, or not, i am ready to do anything for it, i assume it was necessary for me to almost die for it, to understand that, but there is no way for me to unsee the things i have seen, and now to unhear those words.

there is no erasing it, but what i can do, is eradicate and annihilate everything that shall come or stand in my way.

advance, till the end of the line.

i do not have anything to lose, but to not try this .

and i am going to do it.

all the way, till the end of the line.

until the reaper calls my name, i want to try it, why the hell should i not?

i am anyways already here and still here.

so whatever, do not stop me now, as i am having too much of a good time. do not stop me now, as i am having too much of a good time.

there is a way, there is always a way, and also way out of here.

i am not going to die inside of her, let myself be locked inside of here, i want to escape, i shall escape, and i am going to do it.

and use the time, until the time comes, the opportune moment, i shall use it.

why did it have to escalate like this, why did i almost have to die for it?

to understand all of this, was this really, really necessary?

does it even still matter? i am done overthinking all of those things, i just want to go with my guts.

it feels right, i feel alive, was it always there? has it always been like this? did i just have to let it happen?

what a shame, it may have been a close call, but not too close, i am still breathing, i am still here, and i got a trigger, that whispers to me to slaughter them like animals, like and for the animals they are.

anything for it, affirmative, sounds quite alright to me, and delightful.

imagine being fine with anything, doing anything for something, not caring about whatever, as you know it is your life, and we only life once, one life, one chance.

caring about those, who wish they could be like us, so they judge us for it. kill is for it, exile us for it, try to exterminate us, like a plague, we may be ugly on the inside, cruel, what makes us so beautiful in the end.

and dangerous, for we know, there are no rules, there are no risks, as nothing matters, we got nothing to lose.

looking forward to the end, dying, knowing it is just a bad dream, but a bad a dream we can influence, however we want, if we not submit. if we not submit.

it is a choice we make, a choice we all have, there is always a choice, we always have a choice.

also like we choose on, what kind of conditions we make that choice.

how safe something is?

how comfortable something is?

how easy something is?

is it scary?

will i get hurt?

buhu.

why be surprised that you do not have any fun, feel any joy, if you do not dare to live, dare to try.

dare, dare to do anything, why?

why?

because we bloody can that is why!

is it fun?

will it bring me joy?

BMW – Freude am Fahren.

i could not put it into better words.

freude am leben.

i want to keep running.

like there is any, any other way for me.

like i care.

even if it means losing my mind.

i will show them, i will show them all.

change needs violence, change is beautiful, the violence is the cruelty.

it may sound crude, but is it now not true?

sooner or later, we have to make this choice, affecting our whole lifes, once seen, there is no going back, but you will not want to go back, there is nothing else like it.

imagine playing a game you hate, but having to play it, and then getting the hang of it, understanding all of it. understanding how to not tilt, tilt proof, how to not get mad. CJI.

losers play to have fun, winners play to win, etcetera etcetera, playing with half your heart, with no ambition, just to have fun, well yes, be a loser.

be my guest, play to win, go force and control it, something you just cannot force nor control, go be my guest, and be a winner.

most likely also not winning anything.

be a coward, and just do not play, hide your whole life, never experiencing anything.

whatever it is, name it, be my guest, and fool.

fortune favors fools, do not count on having fortune, and the ones, who may seem they did have fortune, they did not.

it is quite simple.

what brings the most joy, what fills you the most with life, gives you the thrills, the excitement, the story, the memories, when is that?

when we focus on things, that do not, and will not, and could never matter?

does not seem quite right, now does it?

staying in the game. in the moment. feeling flow, being in flow.

understanding, what free will is there, but to go with your guts, or against it, what else is there? there is nothing else, nothing else that matters.

why should there be? why should it be so complicated? why should we even overcomplicate it? where is the fun in that? the joy? getting all overwhelmed and panicking.

frightened to feel anything, i want to feel everything, and let it make me feel alive, feel the thrills of it, like electricity flowing through your veins.

electrifying your body, creating shimmering moments, staying forever with you, something no one can take from you, and solely you can and did create them.

whatever happens may happen, if i die, i die, but there is and never was another way for me, another way than this.

going with my guts, trusting, and not caring.

shimmer moments in my mind, fulfilling me, thriving for more, more feelings, creating your own sky of stars, of shimmering stars, each one of them shall have their own brightness, one shall be brighter than the other, but it does not matter, as where would the beauty in it? the cruelty of it, not being able to always have the most shimmering moments, creates the beauty, always thriving to create the brightest star, but there is always one, however dark it may get, one will always shimmer, one is, and has always been there, it is your star, your personal north star. and once you know all of the stars, all of the stars may align.

just look up, just look inside, and do not overthink it, trying to control everything, and force it all, let fear wash over you, and give you the edge.

fear is beautiful, sorrow is beautiful, despair is beautiful.

it is beautiful or cruel, but you cannot fight it, as all those beautiful feelings, talked about so highly, well they all come with cruelty, most of all, how they actively destroy for most, the beauty of the others, therefore not being able to enjoy any. so why wonder how those so fancy feelings, are supposed to have space then, it does not work like that.

it does not even take courage, what is courageous, about letting go? about going with your guts? it is fun, it gives and brings me joy? it is not hard, though we are told it is hard, it is perceived as hard, conceived as hard, so no wonder it is so hard.

it is typical human, it is a tragedy.

elyana had to die for it, i had to die for it, i tried and tried and tried, till i just could not go up against my horror house anymore, it consumed me, as i fought it with the wrong weapons. instead of believing in myself, doing what i want to do, i did what others told me to do, even though i and most are convinced those things are the things they believe themselves.

humans tragedy, we were given an advantage, the ability to think and feel. making us the apex. even though, not stronger, faster or bigger, we are the apex.

as we did anything for it, solution after solution, progress after progress, further and further, until it was not just a saying anymore to the moon, but we reached it, touched it, why?

why?

because we can, that is why. quite simple now is it not.

because we were able to, to reach so far.

and then we shall reach even further, and further and further, until there is a new saying, to another planet, is not this the most beautiful part about being alive, about being human, progress. embracing whatever you are, enjoying it to the fullest, and to contribute your progress, but in the end, who else but you, why should it not be you at spot one. where is the fun in that, not putting yourself first, and if it should be the rare circumstance, it really is not fun, then it shall be like that.

embrace it, progress, i may assure you, there are some, who shall not put themselves first, those ones, who it is not the most fun, to put themselves first, for which it is more fun, to put others first. why should it matter, if it brings them their thrills their fun, this electrifying feeling of being alive, feeling life. embracing life, complete devotion to it, letting it all go, ready to lose anything for it, as for once, and solely then, when you are ready, truly ready to lose anything for something, you have already lost everything, which makes you free to do anything, free to do anything. as you were ready to do anything for it, ready to lose everything, and only things precious to you are losses, so this, alone this shows, you are ready.

you want it.

progress, to advance, to conquer.

once you are ready to do anything for it, for something, anything is possible.

i had to die, to understand that, but here are some news, well, i do not know if i would have understood this, if i would not have died.

killing myself, was the best thing i ever did in my life.

the best experience, the one that brought me, by far, the furthest, nothing can compare.

nothing shall ever compare too, i know it was this one experience, this one sole experience, changing everything, everything i knew.

bleeding to death was the best thing that ever happened to me, i would not want to miss out on it. i cannot imagine a life, without the experience, the feeling, of bleeding out, seeing your own blood, leave your body, knowing, this is the end.

i was sure it was the end, but it was not, i woke up again, and everything changed.

i cannot even tell if it really was that, one thing for sure, if all those voices would not have come, i would have done, tried it, right away again.

perhaps this is why, because also i let it happen, i let the voices in, i had enough, i just did not care anymore. i let the monster out.

let the monster out, pain, o beautiful pain, shapes us in so remarkable ways, it does not shape us though, no, it unveils us, as we lose the strength to keep up all the facades.

let the monster out.

there is a monster in all of us.

also inside of you...

like carl jung said, there is a shadow side, in all of us, do you know better than him? why do the o so modern and blablabla mimimi want,to,be,s of today, think they know better.

it is outdated, yet they suck.

think of heaven, is it really a place you want to go? does it sound exciting?

heaven is for dull people, heaven would be punishment for me, described the way, most times it is described.

give me hell, give me thrills, give me all of it, i want to feel it all, everything, and then nothing.

but to feel nothing is more torture, always. i rather just feel pain, than to feel nothing.

feeling everything is bliss, all those irrational things, in a world without rules, well, does not make them irrational, but rational like the rest, as the only sensible way to live in world without rules, is to have a good time.

enjoy yourself. embrace what you are, do not try to fake things.

everything in this world has class, everything, wherever we look, everything acts and reacts with class.

this is what it means to have style, to be elegant, to be noble.

this is what it means to have fun, to have a good time, enjoy yourself.

do not indulge into some strange things, strangers tell you to do, whatever it is, however, if new, modern, old, conservative.

do your thing, and people will see, know and feel, it is your thing.

everything else, you can smell it, see it, feel it, everybody knows.

there is no faking it, especially faking it till you make it, fooling other fools, wow, congratulations, becoming something, you are not.

it is no way of life, and never will be, why should it ever be?

do not be a fool, there is only one chance, to live in saus und braus.
ein leben in saus und braus.

too many have died for this, for the opportunities we have today, the chance, for most, to become somehow a king themselves, most of us live like kings nowadays.

of course there will always some with more or less, how else should it work?

why not grant it to them? be happy for them?

perhaps, because you wished you could just have a good time.

time is always running, be sure of that, always, decide or do not decide, blend it out, or do not blend it out, make a choice, do not make a choice, time does not care.

time will go on, ever single second, merciless, time shows no mercy to anybody, never did and never will.

it will not change, time is running up, be in time or not in time, you will eventually, inevitably somehow die one day, one way or the other end.

everything will.

decide.

make the choice, time to let the monster out.

decide, i wanted to not feel the pain anymore, and fall asleep, and not wake up and not having to decide, yet again, never again. what the hell am i supposed to decide about? mother is still there, everything is still the same, everything will go on the same, once i leave this hospital, nothing changed, all i did, i failed, i failed killing myself?

so, what other choice do i have? than to do it again, and again, and again, if necessary, until i succeed, until i can finally leave this mad world, this mad circumstances i am in, trapped, i feel so trapped, so trapped, nothing changed, nothing, i am still here, in this awful circumstances, in this situation, that devours me, from the inside, and from the outside, it devours me. day by day, and it will continue, until time does not pass for me anymore, until i am finally the past, and not the future anymore, there is no other way, i already have been there, before all of this, thought about it day by day, and there was only this solution.

same situation, same solution.

i just failed, nothing else, i failed, so, just do the same again.

but wait, o no, does it even work again? my father would never believe, never ever, that i did a fools mistake likes this twice in a row. never ever, he would never ever believe this, never ever.

o no, no, no...

no. no. no. this just cannot be happening, how could i not mind that my father minded this emergency, and why did he come so early that day, why could he not have come later like usually. this just cannot be happening, it was the perfect plan, so perfect, so simple, everything would have just gone delightful, everything would have been solved, and i would be now free, free from this prison, free i would have freed myself.

i do not want to be here anymore, i am so done being here, trapped, in this insufferable situation, i cannot take this anymore, i have had enough.

i do not want to fight it anymore, on the other side, what the hell else am i supposed to do now.

i just cannot hurt my father, i just cannot put this burden onto him, i rather keep suffering, than to make him think, he did something wrong, i know, it was never his intention, he is a noble man, with noble virtues.

leaving the way i wanted to leave was the only noble way. the only.

but... ugh... i cannot go back, i just cannot...

...

how did i end up like this, who let it come so far? how is this happening, why is this happening? this is not how a life is supposed to go, it just is not, how a child, a teenager is supposed to be raised. why should i settle for this? why should i make due with this?

but, you know what, why the hell should i take my life for it, why should i die for it.

mother is the one who should die for it, but, father...

he just could not bare the pain, i know it, not now, not now that he is finally getting back into the flow, into the flow of it all.

i know he can amount too much, i know he has it inside of him, but also i know, that i am like him, i am more than him. i can amount to much. i can amount to more.

i can fly higher than he ever will, i would be capable of doing the necessary, i would be capable of doing it, making the choice, and letting my wife, for the sake of my son, go.

he does not even have any idea, any idea, what she does to me when he is

gone.

if only he knew, but if he would know, it would destroy him.

love is his weakness. it is not that he is weak, but love is his weakness, destroying him, and his family.

he loves his wife, but cannot let go of her, for the sake of me.

he loves me, but cannot let go of me, for again the sake of me.

creating the same damage, as when he would let go of me.

love is destroying my life.

hate would, could save me.

who says that love is always the solution, who the hell, whoever did, i hate him.

only love is not the option.

hate and love wins.

it is like beauty, there is no beauty without cruelty.

there is no love without hatred.

hatred is necessary for love.

and i hate each and every last of anyone who put me in this situation.

it is cruel, but where is now the beauty in this?

where is now the love in it?

...

bytrian...

bytrian... bytrian... bytrian...

time to let the monster out.

time to embrace what you are.

bytrian... feel the hatred, fell the hate.

do you not see the beauty of it?

do not notice, how much you love it?

this feeling, how the hate is there, and the love for it, no it does not consume you, it does not devour you, it fuels you with endless energy, endless.

it is the beauty of it, all the cruelty of it, created a beautiful being, a beautiful monster.

but it is not you, who is the monster.

the world is the monster.

the world is who did wrong to you, treated you in this monstrous cruel behavior, you are no monster, and if, it is their fault, they created the monster.

only they, and only them.

society creates their own monster, no one else but themselves, how they mistreat those children, who just give back, what has been done to them.

they treat us children wrong, but then they judge us for it.

they look away, scream at us, punish us, reject us, judge us.

they judge us.

like they have any idea, what it feels like, what cruelty even is. it makes them so dull and ugly, they contain no beauty, are boring and lack the ability to love, or to hate.

cannot love truly.

cannot hate truly.

they are good for nothing. ugly and uncapable.

they, most of them, will hate you for it. same as only very few, will love you for it.

there is nothing in between.

a misfit forever, but be glad, be glad that you are a misfit, because if you would fit, you would truly feel misfit.

there is this spark inside of you, ignite it.

you know what to do, all you need to do now, is do it. do it, go for it, there is nothing like, than going the distance, then doing everything for something.

do it.

do it.

time to let the monster out, time to embrace it, time to become what you are, time to fly higher than your father ever could, or ever would.

achieve what your father could not, his failure is based on his own lack of strength and capability, he was not ready, ready to do anything for it.

this is why he did not succeed, he got blinded and fooled by love.

o poor humans, who think love always wins, who think only love is worth fighting for, living for, blinded, by the sun, they might enjoy themselves in this sun, but will they ever get somewhere, arrive somewhere?

they cannot and shall never see their beautiful sky full of stars, no chance, they are missing out on a wondrous sky full of stars.

hate, they lack hate, but how could you judge them, everyone tells them from the start, it is wrong to hate, hate is weak and love is everything.

most cannot even deal with love like this right, how can you love right, when you cannot hate right, feel hatred.

and even less, cannot hate right, hate wrong or not at all.

consumed by hate, devoured, blinded, not, but there is not a single star in their sky, there is nothing, not even a sun.

love and hate wins bytrian.

go the distance.

hate, feel hatred, in your veins, in your eyes, mouth, taste it, let it wash over you, flood over you, feel it, feel how it fills you with so much love.

hate fills you with love, makes sense, does it?

most would say no, because most do not know how to hate, ergo, do not know how to love.

if they would know how to hate, would know what hate feels like, would allow themselves to feel hate, then they would agree, agree, that hate fills you with love.

that then you know what love feels like.

hate and love wins, it is essential, it is necessary. in its absence there is its essence.

the essence of hate.

the essence of love.

the essence of all feelings, how each have their necessary right to be there.

as without them, it does not work, with every and each and single one of them.

to feel is everything, to feel everything and then nothing.

allowing yourself also to feel nothing, as also it is the same.

the essence of feeling nothing.

the essence of feeling everything.

the beauty of feeling nothing, how it fills you, fulfils you, once you know, how beautiful it is to feel, it all is cruel and so it comes with beauty.

everything that is beautiful, contains cruelty.

everything that is cruel, contains beauty.

cruelty is everything.

beauty is everything.

bytrian, you tried to end your life.

you tried to end your life.

are you still here, because you were supposed to?

we can for sure say no, which makes everything now, just spare time, extra time.

why not enjoy yourself in this time.

most do not realize, all we have is extra time, as most do not realize, how close we come with death, every single day, by just waking up.

once it was constant threats, like wild animals and diseases. the simplest things could kill one, it is not so long ago, where most of born children would die, compared to today.

nowadays, we ourselves become one of our biggest threats. we poison us with stimulants, do not sleep well, are overstimulated, everywhere screens, no movement, we eat things, we can barely call food anymore, everything is polluted, everywhere we go, a car can crash into us and end us, machines, weapons.

we are so many, yet feel so lonely.

and more and more, end themselves, the human himself, became itself biggest threat, so many end their lives, every single minute, every single day, second...

so many mental illnesses, so much loneliness.

we still face death so many times a day, just in different ways.

we all almost die every day, we just do not know, of course, as we get older, and the possibility decreases, but, it is long not gone, it cannot be erased.

death is always there, memento mori.

so for every living thing in this world, for everything that exists, it is just extra time.

extra time, same rule applies, for everything, though it is not really a rule, gravity is not a rule, it is something that happens. it just happens.

there is no avoiding it, escaping it, beating it, denying it.

bytrian, time to let the monster out.

those things, one is told, that makes you a monster.

enjoying your life.

it is beautiful, the cruelty of it?

most will despise you for it, neglect you, reject you.

judge you, perhaps even hunt you down for it, curse you.

this cruelty, it is the beauty of enjoying your life, as it shall not matter to you.

do not think that being different makes you that, forcing it. or just being different, for that making you that. no, it is a certain feeling, circumstance, as yes, perhaps most will want to talk with you, seem to like you, but it is not the case.

bytrian, there is no other way, better way to go out, reach the end of the line and flatline.

there is nothing like it, going the distance, as far as you can, if you die, you die. it is fine.

...

mother, i hate you for existing, i hate you for it...

it is not my situation that is wrong, there is nothing wrong, but you. only you. you are and will stay the source of all problems. also of father, i just cannot imagine anymore, that you actually support him, your sole existence cannot support anything in this world, but holding us back.

it is your fault, it is my fault for being weak, not intervening, i could have done something for so long, but i did not, i thought there is nothing i cannot do, but i was wrong.

i was weak, i let myself be hurt, instead of hurting.

almost hurt myself so much, it ended me. i tried to end my life. my life. the life of a child, teen, who did not even get a chance, to see how far he can make it, already put to the test, having to endure your bullshit, mother, i hate you for it, and i love you for me realizing now all this.

perhaps it was late but not too late, i am still here, i am still running, and i will fly higher than any of you ever did, nothing will hold me back anymore, and definitely not you, i do not take crap anymore.

i am so done with it, so done, so bloody done taking it out on me.

it was so close, such a close call, though, i made it. it did not happen, i did not die, i just almost died, at least now i can finally not just perceive, but conceive the solution i was looking for.

and it is strange, that it happened this simple, i just had to die. i just had to die for it, almost kill myself for it, thought about it for it seems decades.

again and again i played it through, thought it through so it plays out flawless, so, so, so long, so endless times, so much fear, scared to die.

was it worth it? is it paying off?

i know it will not just get easy now, but what i do know, i do not want it to get easy now, easy, it is easy, because it is simple, but easy is not exciting, it is challenging, that is the joy of it, where else would then be the fun, the thrill of it, o it would be so dull, so, so, so, dull...

those scars, you mother, caused me, they will last forever, but i know what pain is, what it means to suffer, to be abused, and nobody caring, everybody looking away, being left behind, rejected.

now i shall become a monster, but they wonder why?

so i have become evil, destroyer of lives.

as you have to take souls, to make it, change needs violence, it may be crude, but it is necessary.

necessary evil.

i am ready, ready to do it all, do not stop me now, as i am having too much of a good

time.

i am ready to do anything for it...

anything...

...

...bytrian what happened, how could you be so uncareful, i worried so much.

i am sorry, you almost died, and i am yelling at you, excuse me for it, i am very upset. you know that i love you right? i love you so dearly bytrian.

how are you doing?...

bytrian saw his father, he saw he was in a hospital bed, and felt very strange and weak, also blurry, everything was so blurry on the inside as on the outside.

though, he was so clear, so many things did not matter anymore, all he did, he was feeling this, this feeling, of this and that, but most of all, everything, he was clear, he felt clear.

he felt so much hate, and so much love.

and so much more.

father, i can imagine you are upset, i would also be upset, very upset and would have worried so much, but, there is nothing to be upset about anymore, okay? or to worry, right?

i know i was uncareful, i just did it so many times, you get careless...

also very tired, but still, i should have paid more attention, should have been more attentive. you are right.

forgive me father, how is mother?

did she just sleep through? i did not make a mistake with her medication right? i could never forgive myself, do tell that she is right!

and she was alright, though bytrian knew, he did not even need to notice, as he knew, it was, is, one of the biggest deliberate lies, he told his father.

as he knew what was necessary, necessary to be done. she slept through fine, did not notice anything, and father told him when he gave the news to her, she did not really care much, neither give it much thought. all she said, was, that she knew, he would be alright, that he would be capable of taking it, surviving it.

that she prepared him for it.

father asked him, what she meant with that.

o, do not make much of it, all we do is, we do talk a lot, and she tries to teach me a lot, and bring me further in life. she does care deeply about me though, do not worry. i know that is not easy for you to know all of those things, so you must not worry, that i will take it in the wrong way. also that she is not surprised or shocked by it, it is just her way, with me.

she pretends she does not really care, nor bothers about my wellbeing.

though she does a lot, it matters to her a lot, that i am raised the right way, her wish is to become even more than you.

bytrian knew, it was not everything lies, just blatant lies. it was the truth, just put in a different messed up way. perhaps mother really cared, perhaps something really happened to her, he did something wrong, as, it was an extreme situation for him.

adrenaline rushed through his veins, he felt so energized and alive, taking his alive, his last minutes, on earth, were his most beautiful ones. he enjoyed every single second of it.

knowing, for sure, soon it all will be over and he would be gone, the past, no future for bytrian anymore.

he looked forward to the day, since he decided, that he is ready.

actually he was in hyperfocus, though you never know.

so how are you feeling? i am so glad i prepared for this emergency case, knowing how potent fentanyl can be.

though, should you not also know how potent it can be? i did prepare this emergency case, knowing for sure, i would not need it anyways ever.

but measure twice cut once, you do know my good old saying.

also i came just right in time. i came home early as i had good news. i am very glad, i decided to do that, otherwise you would be gone, and mother would never understand, so to who would i have given my good news then.

but say, how are you feeling, it was so close, too close actually, i did not think that you would survive it. the doctors neither.

i guess it was just not your time yet, the reaper was not calling your name yet, had other plans, another time in his head.

anyways, we both know, we both would go straight over the edge, straight into hell.

bytrian liked it, that his father, did seem worried and shocked, though not panicking, emotional, functional, and composed, just how he knew him. and he noticed just how much he really loves him, and he did notice how much he actually hates his mother. ′

now he was able to feel, truly, the love for his father, he felt overjoyed, that he survived, and was able to talk to him again. he knew he had his weakness, but he knew we all have our weaknesses, and sooner or later, if not faced, they will affect us.

as he, did not mind the details, and this was his fatal mistake.

fatal, for him not ending up fatal, for him surviving, as mistakes happen, so he was fine with it, most importantly he will learn from it.

as, he could easily retry.

mistakes do happen, some more crucial than others. it was a crucial mistake, it changed everything, literally everything, it changed, him still breathing, still being the past, present and future. still being part of earth.

it changed everything, literally everything, otherwise he would be dead. some mistakes you cannot do twice. in the end it also comes down do, are you willing to take the risk?

are you ready to die for it? when you know, it could kill you, you could die, deciding for something, you could end your live, mess everything up, create chaos.

are you ready to do anything for it, anything?

is chaos even possible then, when you have this attitude, what chaos could literally happen, when you want to face everything, looking forward to facing everything, as one loves to pull that trigger, be in this war.

you just love the thrills and rush of war, how it makes you, fills you, with feeling alive, this feeling, when cruelty and beauty melt together, and melts into memories, stories.

into battle, for every battle, lost but won, or won, it does not matter, it is not about winning or losing, in the end, there are anyways just survivors, so do not worry, i want battle, i feel home in nomansland. there where nobody wants to be, i want to be.

where life itself is experienced.

he survived, ready to face, no, look forward to the next battle, as fear, experienced as something bad, is something for cowards.

we may fear war, yes, we are sacred, but we love it, this feeling, it is bliss to us.

bytrian realized how simple everything is, can be.

it is not hard, or complicated.

once you are ready, you always know what to do. as you are ready, why should you not know?

if you are ready, you will know, ready to feel and see all those things.

ready to see who or what you are.

bytrian felt it.

bytrian saw it.

bytrian knew, it was always in his hands. everything, he created his life, as he chose to do, or not to do something.

his choices, had consequences, which created his life, led him to doing it, ending his life. he failed, it was also a consequence of his, him being not capable enough. he could have made sure, if he minded the details, the little things.

everything, you can just keep pulling and pushing through, again, and again, and again, as long as you are alive, you can try again.

if you embrace it, it will not be hard, there is no forcing it, or controlling it.

embrace it, embrace you.

bytrian, you let the monster out, you know what to do.

...

the next days were strange for him as he knew once he would come home, he would make sure his mother will not be a threat to him anymore, a burden.

that the next time, not he will be an accident, but her.

and this time he learned the most important lesson, to mind the details.

this time he will mind the details, this time, he will make sure, everything will go according to his strategy. this time he will succeed, killing his mother.

it was strange for him, but he did not really even have to think it through, he just knew what to do, and how to do it.

it was strange that it was not really something he was not sure about, he knew it was necessary, he knew he would do it, without any hesitation, he would do the necessary.

he knew it was necessary, it was him or her.

one of them had to die.

one needs to become the past, otherwise, everything would go to hell.

bytrian understood, this must the definition of necessary evil.

icecold murder.

murdering your own mother, without hesitation.

also he saw, that he is ready, if he is ready for that, he is ready to do anything for it, anything.

what else shall come, that could stop him then.

nothing, as he is ready, he knows, most would now say, this is insanity.

that he is a monster.

is he?

perhaps in this certain situation few would even say, hey, we get it, you did have choices, but this was the best one of them.

but bytrian knew, it did not matter to him, it was just what was necessary to do, to keep running, to reach the top, to fly higher than father ever could.

knowing he can, simply because he had one advantage.

the only advantage one needs in this world.

the advantage, of being ready.

there are no rules, so do not play by any, embrace you.

you got only one chance, why not give it a shot?

bytrain knew, time is running up. time is always running, time does not have mercy, time does not stop for anyone, no one.

time keeps flowing, whatever you do, it will go on. just thinking about that, it will keep running, there is no changing that.

time.

whatever you choose, it will keep running, whatever choice you make, time will not care. day by day will pass, you only get to decide what to do in this short time, nothing else.

it will run up.

time.

be ready, as the later you choose, the later it becomes, nobody stays young, we all are born to die, everything is born, to end one day. even time.

time is running up, to make a choice, to decide yourself for or against embracing you. but life is fleeting, it is a decision your whole life depends on, it is life and death.

i am ready.

be ready, if you are ready you will not hesitate, never ever, to do the necessary. it is easy to be cruel, it is easy to be beautiful.

be beauty, be cruelty.

of course, others shall know better, they need to know better, especially for themselves.

they need it, to not face the truth, most likely, because they think, they are very ugly on the inside. so they convince themselves of something, and try to hold this up, by all cost.

truly making them ugly, as how good they portray themselves, they will literally slaughter you for it. like an animal, portray you as an animal.

thinking they know everything about everything, do not bother.

annihilation faces all of them, as all they can do is talk, they cannot do the deeds, are only strong together, alone, one by one, eliminate them.

time to let the monster out.

days passed in the hospital, making sure bytrian was really stable and no permanent damage was done. everything was fine, father visited him as usual, talked to him as usual, everything seemed fine, if only he knew what was growing inside bytrian, what bytrian became.

all bytrian thought, o father, if only you would also understand all of this.

then we could kill mother together.

they would be the perfect dreamteam, it would be the perfect murder, no one would ever notice, anyways nobody would ever notice, but then both of them would know, not just him.

it would be their little secret.

mission, how we killed mother, murdered her in cold blood, and nobody ever noticed.

everybody thought it was an accident, his parents, would be glad, but would still see him as weak, as, she just died, he did not have the courage to leave her.

her parents, would be sad, but would understand, would be so grateful forever, that he sticked to her to the end.

but both of them would know, they murdered her in cold blood.

it would have been so hilarious.

the effect will stay the same, with the only difference, only bytrain could have a laugh about it.

c’est la vie.

father did not notice a single thing, he did not know, that his son would soon kill his beloved wife.

bytrian wondered, how father would react, if he would tell him someday, what was actually going on. starting with the abuse, the pressure, the insufferable feeling of being trapped.

leading him to creating a strategy to fake his death, cover his suicide, by an accident.

failing, because of father.

then him deciding, that the other solution was not him, but her.

and that he killed his own mother in cold blood, without any hesitation.

how would he react?

...

but bytrain knew, that it would never be a topic, as there is never going to be the necessity of telling him, why should there?

there are no traces, nothing, and it shall lead to a golden future.

bytrian felt joy, felt excitement, looking forward to killing his mother.

mother, i will be your end, some will say, you gave live to me, that you were my start, it is funny, all those trivialities humans think about.

killing your own mother, is it not one of the cruelest things one could do, is it not one of the most beautiful things one could do.

understanding, that is necessary to take your own mothers live.

it is ugly if not done out of necessity, but it is necessary, the most beautiful way, it is cruel, it is beauty.

it is what it means to be noble. elegance, pure elegance.

suffering is a constant state of the world,

there has always been suffering,

why deny the reality of living,

misery, cruelty, they may be just words,

but it is our reality,

perhaps it may not sound pretty nor lovely,

but it is cruelty,

which makes it beauty,

is not beauty everything,

is not cruelty anything,

a life we are forced upon on,

nobody asks us about do we want to or not to,

life is then short but takes so long,

everybody who would say yes to it would be a

fool,

a fool,

nothing but a fool,

yet we are not asked,

asked if we want to,

which does not make us a fool,

yet it may give us permission to choose what we are.

we choose,

it is my choice, my choice alone, and nobody may judge me for it.

it is not me who is wrong,

it is the world who is wrong.

...

is it not funny, humans, animals, all of it? thinking it has so much meaning. that there is much to think about, o, o my, good, old, ego.

though it does make sense, as, if we all dared to be like this, this, it would not be there for long.

as most, history showed it, again and again, are no meant to embrace, they are meant to be flesh, that is slaughtered, used and exploited, by the ones who dare, dared to go for it.

everybody can make this choice, who is not everybody?

nobody in history is no exception from this, they just did not go for it. and the ones after them did not learn from it.

even though, most, even see it with their one eyes, how far others can make it, it is strange now is it not.
unfair?

unfair? unfair to make a choice, there cannot be something more fair, life is cruel, but fair, and beautiful.

cry and feel sorry for yourself, waste your life, but do not say it was unfair.

you were uncapable, that is all, you are uncapable. and others, who know that, will make use of that, why should they not? why not feel happy for them? grant it to them?

at least they are enjoying their lives, at least they dared to, at least have the nobility, of saying, hey, have a good time, i do not have the guts to do it, simple.

nice to see you had to guts to do it.

as if you will not do it, then this is the most noble thing you will ever do.

feeling happy for someone else, for those who dared to.

but even for that, most are not capable enough.

rather they hide, and want others to hide with them, otherwise, they would face, have to face, the cowards they are.

it does not change the fact what they are, for them it does, to some extent, for some time, it soothes their suffering.

let them suffer, let them hide, let them blend out, let them try hard, let them not enjoy their lives.

it is your life, seize it, time is running, time is running out, just keep running.

for those who are then gone in the end, are only the lucky ones. although, enjoying your life prior, does not sound too bad, now does it?

until you are one of the lucky ones.

them who is gone is the lucky one.

thems who are gone are the lucky ones.

seeing the carnage, how could it not change someone, is carnage necessary?

one thing is certain it does, your motivation to change, the urge to change something, to find a way to deal with the pain, becomes more urgent, but we all experience pain, so we all are eager to find a way to deal with it. perhaps more eager than others, still, why should it be necessary?

parents.

perhaps it is not necessary at all, when parents just raise us the right way. validate us, for who we are, tell us, it is fine, whatever we are, whatever we may become, it is fine.

be it. and then we are it, we talk back, fight back, like we are supposed to, but parents respect that, as we children are also humans, not slaves, not dogs, not second class citizens.

parents are the cause of misery and suffering.

parents create this reality, of this world.

some then just make it, some do not. it is not your fault, it is your parents fault.

and their parents fault, a cycle of misery and suffering.

break out of it, change it, but, why have children, why become the shadow of something, where is the joy in this.

why take the responsibility upon you, to break some cycle, you escaped, understanding, it is all about you, and doing your thing.

in a world, where you are number one, there is no space for children.

having children is something for people who do not know what to make out of their lives. treating them wrong, feeling superior, but not of an animal, but of a human, most times, the only human they ever feel really superior, even tough, then, they know, they are not, which makes them, parents, even more mad, makes them abuse their children even more, but then be thankful, be grateful for it, for this gift.

it is insanity, kafkaesk.

it is sad, and the joy of it, the challenge, of making it.

so many children born, since eons, so much wasted potential, beauty, which is so, so, so sad and cruel, which makes it so, so, so beautiful and precious, when those few ones, do not waste it, make use of it, and show, what is possible if one embraces themselves. dynamic.

the cruelty, necessary for this beauty, or else it would be so dull. so, so, so boring.

everybody gets the chance, there are no restrictions, we are all born with the same chances, just different stories are then created, with different beginnings and endings.

we are not born equal, but individual, and have the chance to create individual stories. it is the beauty of it, of not being born equal, but with the same chances. each and every of us humans.

same chances apply, same possibilities. and yes, sometimes it is much, much less likely, sometimes, much, much more likely, but just because of that, there is no guaranty.

not at all, and why care, all that matters in this case, that it is possible, that there is a chance, and it shall create your story, with your chances, with your possibility.

with your cruelty, with your beauty.

and one thing will always be certain, and that is the joy it will bring you, the endless joy, of going the distance, all the way.

it is who you are, just go with it, you will enjoy yourself, have such a good time, o no, there are different circumstances, o no, and if you try, you will enjoy yourself.

ironic.

how hard can a human argue against enjoying himself? having an exciting life, how many excuses can he make up? how much time can he let pass?

interesting, it is quite interesting, humans do kind of really suck, but then, there are those few always, who proof, for a fact, humans in fact do not suck.

being human is so fun. as whatever you do, no choice, you are born, can do what you please, have a good time, embrace you, write your story, worst case scenario, you die, and rest in peace forever.

as there is changing it, there is no escape. no escape.

choose to do the necessary, or do not choose to.

simple.

what is there to mind? there is nothing to it?

you take what you want or you do not take it.

that is it, nothing more to it.

and all of the knowledge is inside of you, leaders are not readers, leaders have not time to read, leaders are too busy enjoying their lives, knowing all the knowledge they need, is inside of them. and they go with their guts, trust, and do not care.

and if part of those actions, is actually reading and informing about something, then so be it, but that does not make him a leader. a leader does, what he wants, what he embraces.

and not because he is a leader, being like that, just makes him a leader, is a side effect of that.

a consequence of your action, daring to embrace.

choices, all choices, even the choice to do nothing, has consequences.

choices have consequences, makes us who we are, we all messed up. we all messed up so much in life, regretting nothing, only once you really get the hang of it, and notice, it was always so close, the life you want.

so, so, so close, everything is such a close call, everything in this world, is a close call, everything is just extra, extra time.

a tragedy, in our hands, to decide, what to do about it.

i do not know what in the end it depends upon, i cannot tell. it is like in war, some make it, some do not. luck? it cannot be luck how could it be luck, dodging all those bullets, it cannot be based on luck, and definitely not on fortuna.

it is character, it happens or it does not happen, for sure in your death bed, in those last moments, you may realize, whatever it is going to be.

but since always, it is known, that you are supposed to unfold your potential, it is a well known fact, i do remember, knowing that, but not making much of it.

pain, it must be primarily pain, as the suffering, it drives you to change something, to do something, to go into action, to find a way to deal with the pain, cope, find a remedy.

the most hurt ones are the most evolved ones.

finding a way through this pain, makes you face a lot of questions, essentially also the question, must come up, have i had enough?

is this all i can do? is this all?

pain, suffering must be the case, that leads the most, to doing it, as, why else would you do it?

we all face pain, but many not enough.

still i am convinced enough, most, experience enough pain, and other factors, so they seek out, to those questions.

or on a spiritual journey, on a way to god, etcetera, but i am convinced pain is the case, where it is most likely, especially, pain, that was done to you, when you got hurt, let yourself be hurt, as the simple decision is there, do i want to keep getting hurt, or rather hurt?

do the necessary, with that, one should realize, doing the necessary to solve things, is the solution, always, whatever it is, if you are ready to do it, it is the way.

and then doing it, it will not happen by itself.

realizing the necessary and doing the necessary, going all the way, realizing it also means to be evil, the necessary evil.

is it even evil then? why not do it? is it not actually evil, to assume, it is evil, to not embrace what you are? imagine all the things that could happen.

no sacrifice, no glory.

everybody is saying something else, well, of course it easy to tell yourself that, as then, you have your excuse, why to not do what you have to do.

be my guest, but dare to say then, life is not fair, that you had no choice, no chance, were not given a chance.

decide against it, do not enjoy your life, fine, but why pull now also others down.

wars were not, never won without sacrifice, nothing ever beautiful was done, without sacrifice, without necessary evil.

how does it make you good, to not embrace what you are, imagine if you would just embrace what you are, it would lead to world peace. with sacrifice, without, you deciding against it, world peace did not happen, but at least, you presume yourself now as not evil.

what is here really evil? is it not completely selfish? ugly?

who are you anyways to decide what is evil and what is good? what is a sin, and what is holy?

what is evil and good? a concept in the end? a point of view?

what makes someone feel good? is good.

what makes someone feel bad? is bad.

if gods exist, there are many religions, with different gods, or just one god, it does not matter, if not one or many, who is god, to tell you what to do, what good is, what evil is? how does he or they know?

how can he really tell, this is good? this makes you a saint?

how does he now? because he is almighty and knows everything?

what does he know? what if he is wrong?

how does he know what matters and if he just decided that, then everything can do this aswell. be your own god, decide, yourself, for yourself, think for yourself, and then if you die, you may find out, but what god, could judge you for embracing what you are?

or is it just the mission god gave you, it says god has a plan for each of us?

what if it just gods plan that you feel, you are just the hand.

how do you know, it is not gods plan? would it not make sense it is gods plan, to embrace what you are and fulfill it, so like this world peace can be achieved, but as people doubt that, doubt gods plan, this is why the world is what it is, is how it is.

god tries his best, but we, it is our task, to also do it, fulfill our mission, by embracing his plan for us. but we doubt it, not do it, but then wonder, why the world is how it is.

why things are how they are? everybody doubting gods plan.

and if there is no god, but rather then moral, etcetera, is it not moral, to try your best to contribute, and how can you contribute, if you do not even enjoy your life.

seems strange and just plain simple wrong and dumb.

for so long, history, shows, idols are always o so peaceful, history on the other side, is o so violent, since ages, since humans exist, nothing ever changed.

we try violent idols, to create peaceful history.

what is the worst that can happen? more violent history, worse things to happen, that already happened? seems impossible.

ironical.

we forget and forgive, history keeps repeating, and humans keep wondering.

it is the definition of insanity.

humans are insane, the sane are insane, and the insane are sane.

not we are wrong , the world is wrong.

let nobody tell you otherwise, let nobody take that from you.

let the monster out.

in pain, in terror, humans were always the most noble, sacrifice, evil was always, has always been part of it. always.

do your thing, decide against, letting others ruin it for you.

one life, only once, and only one chance, solely one.

there is no restart button, there is no turning back time.

there is only the choice, this one decision to make. choose for it or against it, time will not care and you will end. you decide how it will end, but it will end.

it is inevitable.

but i cannot imagine, embracing, truly, can be something, not beautiful, and the cruelty of course it comes with.

who is anybody to judge us? those who make this choice?

democracy is built upon, each and every time, so many corpses of young men, who never got the chance to embrace themselves, they died, for this, they made the sacrifice, they sacrificed themselves, as they knew, without violence, nothing would change, revolutions, always took sacrifice, self-sacrifice, some made it, some did not, they took the chance, they took the risk, they decided themselves for something, all of this today, did not happen by itself, the opposite, blood, endless blood was shed for all of this, in battles of metal, mud and blood.

corpses, that would reach the moon, if you would put them on top of each other. so many stories, ended there, dare to tell them, violence does not need change?

that they died because they were dumb? in a position, their sacrifice brought you? solely that seems really evil, diabolical to me.

everyone is affected by this, each and every one of us, has soldiers as their ancestors, their blood flows through your veins, it is because of them, why you can now live in freedom, and if not, how do you think it can be changed?

by not doing what it takes? by hiding and making excuses?

since when became this a thing? thinking things you want, happen by themselves, letting the universe just take you, and do with you whatever it wants.

be sure of one thing, i shall not care, i will use you, to achieve what i want, if necessary.

i would end your life, without hesitation, devour or be devoured, survival of the fittest.

the one who may adapt the best, shall thrive and feel alive, survive.

only survivors. there are only survivors in the end, they only differ in one aspect, between the ones that did enjoy themselves, and the ones who did not.

this is the difference between winners and losers.

winners, even if not won, also won, lost but won, as they had a good time.

this is winning, solely that.

jerking yourself of, to winning something literally, try hard, forcing it, controlling it, not being able to let go, of all of it, your entire live, in this one life we only get, in this one chance, and they call it winning.

tragedy, how this can be conceived as winning, and one can not perceive, how simple life can be. simple things, to simplify, is though a difficult task for sure. challenging task, which makes it beautiful, the cruelty, of realizing how simple it could and can be.

how simple it could have been, all the time, the later it comes, the more it must inevitably hurt.

as time passed, and it cannot be turned back, though, why not, what is the shame of enjoying then at least the rest, making the best out of it, what is there to lose?

of not using this extra time then, enjoying it, rather stick to dull things.

violence is beauty and cruel.

it is the phenomenal thing of violence.

necessary violence.

how much it can do and change, one moment, one thought, one minute, one day, one week, a year, your entire life.

it hurts, it does hurt, did i have the privilege to realize it very soon?

the privilege of being in endless pain before that? experiencing endless abuse of every and each kind, every single day of my childhood and teenage years?

deciding to talk back, deciding to fight back, making it even more horrendous, horrifying, pure terror, in four walls that are supposed to be my home.

where i should feel safe and sound.

appreciated and loved, validated, accepted, looking forward to come home.

the privilege of trying to end my live, many, many, many times, in all different kind of ways, but again failing and failing and failing.

trying again and again to find a way.

until i saw again no way out, pain eating me alive, everyday in pain, my body, feeling like i am burning from the inside, never knowing when or how it is going to happen next.

suffering, trying to standhold, make my hold, breaking, more and more, every single day.

nobody caring, nobody taking it seriously, though, judging me, derision.

thinking they know anything about me.

again, at last, trying to end my life, this time, succeeding, blood spilling, something no one can survive, too much blood, no heartbeat, a kid, nobody cared about, that had no reason to wake up again, and many more and more difficulties.

but the kid, young man, does wake up again?

where am i?

and realizes he survived again…

is this privilege?

months of battling again, deciding, why not end my life again, but then, words coming in my mind, pictures, visions.

visions i did not have before, thoughts i did not have before, pictures, everything.

and suddenly i found a way, to let go, a way to deal with this enormous pain, days passing, weeks passing, months, years, one, two, three, till finally, this abused child, realizes, he made it out, out of the slums, is ready to fly higher than he ever thought he could.

he realizes, he is ready to do anything for it, did anything for it, everything that comes, it does not bother, it still hurts, but, there is nothing in him screaming to retreat, he advances and advances, adapts and adapts, strategy after strategy.

it this privilege? did this just happen?

the privilege of being abused endless times, by the ones who were to supposed to love him the most, they hurt him the most, so, so, so many times, hurt him with, deep scars.

abandoned by everybody, everybody doubting him, as they sense, something is different with him.

but him, just doing him, minding him, doing him, does not care to be liked by others, as he knows he wants to be and stay here, liked by himself, enjoying himself.

and however that is, he just embraces.

privilege?

best thing, it all does not matter, whatever anybody calls it, one thing sure, it does not matter to him, he is having a good time, is enjoying his life, embracing what he is, and just going with it.

in his style, in his way of class, nobility and elegance.

ready to do anything for it, knowing, he will die one day, it is going to end one day for sure, and it is okay to look forward to that.

it does not mean, that whatever comes before that, cannot be enjoyed, is not enjoyable.

i find it quite alright and enjoyable, as i lost everything, and am free to do anything.

i do what i want, i do not allow myself everything, no, only what i want, give myself, the permission to do that, if it necessary, i shall do it.

good, bad, evil, becoming a saint, it does not matter to me.

i am having a good time, this makes me d'accord.

so do not stop me now, as i am having too much of a good time.

what privilege?

i was weak, i tried to end my live, many times. many, many times.

i am not better than any of you, stronger, faster nor smarter. different in the end.

what separates me, is, that i am ready, ready to do what it takes, ready to do anything for it.

this is why.

i let the monster out, and i love it.

ambition and aspiration. friends, love and family. embracing what i am.

who are you to judge me for it?

to tell me what i am doing is wrong?

who do you think you are?

meaningless, like me, like the rest of us.

worthless, replaceable and not special, and i love it. the freedom of it, the freedom it grants me.

finally, i am finding peace, after all the horror, i found a way out, why not be happy for me?

it shall not matter to me in the end, it is my life, and i shall enjoy it.

and anything that gets into my way, i am looking forward to overcome it, annihilate it.

collecting souls, taking souls.

to pull and push through whatever may happen.

death is my remedy, knowing, it will come, life is fleeting, nothing bad can happen, and i can just enjoy myself until this day, have a good time, until it is a flatline for me, the end of the line, and the reaper calls my name.

elyana knew, first, she needs to find a way, to make an end of this situation, all the therapy, being locked in, she knows, there must be a way, as why should there not be?

violence? violence comes in various ways, not just physical, in so many ways.

and she understood, violence is necessary to get out of the grip of her parents. her parents did have the advantage of connections and power.

she had the advantage of proof, proof of everything that was done to her. she knew once she started doing it, it could escalate in so many ways, no one would believe her. no one would, why would they? who would dare to believe her, stand by her side, against the imperium of her parents, all those people in power.

but proof can be used in many different ways, most of all if money is involved, greed can be exploited, greed of humans. gluttony, pride, envy and lust.

and who is better for that bait, than the competition.

information can be everything, and she had a lot of information, as in the time, before her decision of liberation, she did make use of her time, to study, acquire information, about everything her parents did, what they were doing, how and when.

she learned, and evolved. though she understood, quite early, nothing would stop her parents from also eliminating this obstacle, their own daughter.

their parents were feared, everybody knowing, they execute, with the attitude, that there is no such thing as a overkill.

they were ready to do anything for their success, with the difference, embracing nothing, not being ready to embrace, out of this motivation, but out the sole motivation of glory. legacy.

it is not the same, still, it comes the closest to it.

already showing how much can be achieved, only with the ability to be ready. so much, an advantage, essential.

still, elyana was ready to do anything to embrace, embrace herself, and nothing else, glory, status, are non existent. have no substance.

so with direct contact, there was no chance, that was quite easy for her to see, for the competition to work together with her, though, with indirect contact, her playing innocent and stupid, others thinking, making them believe, they can exploit that, use that for their advantage, it was easy.

she was beautiful, even women, any, went weak for her charm, and charisma.

they all wanted a piece of the cake, so it was no real challenge to see, where the system was infiltrated, by the competition.

of course she did let them know, that she knew, she knew, because she was the only one to look them in the eyes, while they talked together, eye to eye.

they were never alone, everything was recorded, in all ways, and there were always others sure, to make sure, the factory is protected, no confidential information is given price, as their parents did suspect elyana knew more than she should, was supposed to.

and they were right, she knew, in her parents eyes, she sure knew far too much.

how then deliver this information?

there is no way right?

of course there is a way.

as, the same as their cooperation, the competition was smart, would give everything, to annihilate their parents legacy, their glory.

elyana knew she would risk everything, but what did she have to lose?

and if, she was ready to lose it.

there was no way, she would not at least try it. she wanted to try, she wanted to find out, if she can make it.

she had to find it, it was too exciting not to try out, she loved pulling that trigger, being in this war.

it was everything to her, letting, finally, the monster out, going all the way.

all the way to the top.

to fly higher, higher than her parents ever could, she knew she was able too.

as it was not hard, all she had to do, was go with her guts. trust and not care, whatever happens, not care.

not care, the results just did not matter, lost but won.

lost but won.

thems who are gone are the lucky ones. all the way.

just keep running.

there is no other way, not for me.

like i care.

even if it means losing my mind.

i will show them, i will show them all.

what if, what if i can make it.

i know that there is a way.

and i got to try, i want to try. everybody knew language can be used in various ways, especially, to send messages.

so she developed her own system, encrypted messages, to the enemies.

letters, she wrote to herself, it was her idea, to express her feelings.

they were looked over, but even though written often and a lot, her parents looked over them first, and then again, and again, but as it was about elyanas feelings, they did not care much about it, give it much thought.

pride.

again and again she wrote the letters, and gave them always to this one persona, she could tell, was the rat. the infiltrator.

time passed, she knew, the person, at first will not understand, and actually take the letters serious, but after quite a while, calculated in, there was a response.

contact was made, and they were exchanging, in a way, her parents could tell, if they were not blinded by their vanity.

pride.

again and again, the made contact, and elyana gave them exactly the information she wanted to.

greed.

how could the competition ever think of, that it would actually serve elyana the most, and not them. blinded by greed, pure greed.

envy and gluttony. pride, pride of the competition, thinking such a weak, stupid girl, was not capable of more.

her knowing the information she gave up, will damage both of them immensely. create chaos, and also she will use the information, to get out of her prison, as with a whole cooperation on her side, her parents would fall, not being able to touch her, nobody judging her, for how could she do that, backstab her parents.

she just needed to give the competition enough information, so they saw it as worth it, they knew she wanted something for it, as in the end it is all just good business.

and they did understand pretty quickly what she wanted, for the information she had.

it is just good business.

everything to protect the factory.

elyana was ready to do anything to protect her company, her future company, was her, she embraced it, her stand in the cooperate world.

it is everything. everything to her, who are you without a stand in the cooperate world. in her world, in her story, in her memories, it was what she embraced, it brought her joy, which made it beautiful, her beauty and all the cruelty it came with.

she knew it, and she wanted it, wanted to keep running for it.

information was at the moment her life blood, she gave enough price, letting the others know she knows what they want, on the other hand, they had to have their back in the law case against some very powerful and important people of everywhere from the world.

most disgusting truths, not many, sure not, but there were plenty, in comparison how much there should be. too many for sure, but each and every one of them, including eylanas parents shall have their judgement day coming upon them.

and so the exchange continued, her parents not noticing a thing, pride blinding them, underestimating the capability of their daughter, even though it was their daughter, their genetics, she wondered, should they not at least expect it a bit, even when filled with pride like with dope.

it is the power children have the most, they are seen as second class citizens, like back than jews for example were looked at, like garbage.

still, in the end, they are and stay, the most capable community.

she knew that, as jewish blood flows through her veins. her parents never told her, nobody knew, it was a family secret, but she found out. necessary to survive the third reich.

but still, she was not just jewish, but also just a child, a teen, a stupid, no good for nothing teen, how could she do anything against their god parents.

almighty parents, she needs to look up to, behave, honor and respect.

to hell with parents, treating their children like animals.

make use of it, elyana knew, she wanted to make use of it, and she did make use of it.

she sure did make good bloody use of it.

more and more, the exchange evolved into a fluid language. it took time, as per letter only little emotion was able to be given price.

emotions and actions, thoughts, needs became codewords.

she loved it, it was the first real exciting thing for her, creating a new language, no one could understand, but her and the others, not even in contact,sd personal, but figuring it out together, on their own, creating it together on their own.

it took several months, but soon they were ready, more and more ready.

most of all, the plan was ingenious, as the competition would just bring up the proof, with witnesses and victims too, she gave them the names, every and each one of them.

it will look, make the competition look like heroes, like they figured it, out of generosity, to do the right thing, elyana comes free, and her parents meanwhile would never ever suspect something, her involvement. so they had no reason to even think about that issue, furthermore, she could not really be touched anymore, as everybody would then for sure know.

this is how elyana planned to come free.

did she mind the details? what was there to mind other than risking it and doing it smart, most times the details are simple.

most importantly that the messages were for sure clear, and nobody would figure it, and then, that the competition will not use it against her.

but could it even be used against her? she did not mind for everybody to know then, what she has been through.

of course it is terrible, awful und cruel. she knew, especially to find love, would be hard then, as she knew how ugly men can think, and she knew, she could not fall in love with women.

cruel, the sacrifice, the necessary evil.

and she was ready, ready to do it, ready to do anything for it. without any hesitation, she was ready for it, it excited her, as she knew, not even this shall stop her, or be a challenge to her, she knew she could use it damn well to her advantage.

and so everything went to according to plan, she gave the competition everything, them knowing just damaging the company with this knowledge is enough for them, to back up eylana, but to continue the backup, she would then give more and more information, here elyana knew, nothing could happen to her, as all eyes would be on her, and the risk that somebody would suspect something, was far too big.

even though at the moment trapped, she was on the way of becoming untouchable.

in the worst situation, she found a way, to make herself untouchable, as now, that she did it, almost ended her life, a way with actual proof, witnesses, and then once she is out, and they could get the information and proof she herself collected it has become a bulletproof strategy.

into battle.

she found a way, by doing the necessary, by looking for a way out, actually wanting to find a way out, all it takes sometimes, is to just look, and think.

most times, it is so simple.

she was ready to do it, without hesitation, she did not care one single bit, if it even meant death, she did not mind, if it happens, it happens, but even more she wanted to try it out, with heart and so done with love.

cruel and beautiful love, and so, also hate.

as there was a lot of hate, so much hate, and she loved it.

she wanted to know if she can make it.

she could affect her life, her story, so much, it scared her, how much she was able to change, affect, just because she dared to take a huge risk.

her herself did it, her herself affected history. she shaped it, formed it, molded it, changed it, embraced it.

how can this be fate, destiny? it is abstract and wild for someone to think that, but actually this is what most will say, that she was destined for it.

that it was her fate.

otherwise they could never explain it to themselves.

not just the truth, that she dared to take a risk, and most can do that, and become fate.

she became her fate, and so it happened.

once enough information was assimilated, the competition made their move, as it was the competition of their parents empire, they were competent and clean, and operated no else this time.

they hired everything, money was power, and they made use of that power.

in the end a special forces team, took elyana out the safe house were she has been for over a year now, hidden in the mountains.

there was no fight, her parents must have figured, there was no way, it was the proper reaction. the opposite, they reacted shocked and like they had no idea what was going on.

their daughter was sick, and had to be in this intense therapy, and there was no way, she was done with the therapy.

she made it all up, all the witnesses made it all up, to damage the company, it is the competition, they made it all up.

though, the competition knew they would react like that, they did not expect a fight, but they did prepare and took measurements for one.

and so now the real battle could begin.

now that eylana escaped the prison, the grip of her parents, she could finally start, start the final attack. lex talionis, an eye for an eye. fight fire with fire, and give them a taste of their own medicine.

as proof, cannot be made up, and elyana acquired this proof, and the competition trusted on this, took also the risk of that, to destroy their competition.

they took a sacrifice, it is all about being ready, ready to take risks, think selfless or selfish, whatever it is, sacrifice, being ready to do what is necessary, sacrifice is the cruelty, the glory the beauty.

though it is not glory, it is just beauty, freude.

joy, o joy, live can be so magical. there is no arguing it, only those, who do not enjoy, argue it, as they wish the would, could, but cannot and will not, most likely.

they trusted, they took a risk, and it paid off, as elyana literally did in case what she promised them, and it was also easy for her to acquire this information then, as this is called minding the details, to calculate.

she knew, her parents would fall, and with this fall, she shall rise, pride comes for the fall, although most times, it is not like that, they fell, as elyana dared something most do not, could ever think of daring, not even her parents. pride would have never made them fall, it made them rise, next to other things of course.

but the pride they had, not thinking their own daughter is capable like them, that was the crucial mistake.

when pride becomes too much, when greed becomes too much, envy and gluttony.

it is all about how much, like the stick in ones arse, it is all about the proper amount of everything.

it is all good to be there though, but there is no black and white, no, greed is there or not there.

greed is good, in the right amount.

envy is good, in the right amount.

likewise gluttony, likewise pride.

and only those, who suck, shall argue this.

everything is necessary, everything.

eylana was filled with focus, you may fill yourself with dope, or other things, but where is the excitement in that.

fill yourself with excitement.

the excitement of battle. elyana got the proof, and was ready for battle.

one factory against the other factory.

she was not with one or the other factory, she just had her business, her rise in the cooperate world in mind.

to the top.

she wanted to the top, for the fun, the joy, the thrill, of all the battles awaiting her.

one battle after the other, battlefield is bliss.

you do not feel nowhere more alive.

first when she was taken, she was checked up by doctors and other therapists to really check if everything was fine. there were still traces of drugs found in her body.

and they made sure to find out, if the stories were right, as all this abuse had to leave traces, and they did, a lot of traces, in every single hole.

medically proved that she is an abused worthless whore.

did she care? not at all, it was necessary, she even pleasured herself the past weeks, repeatedly more often and with violence, to make it even worse.

what was important to her, that independently she was checked up, that it did not leave any traces in form of diseases. that, she would not appreciate, as, well, just because she finds it disgusting.

once she was checked up, made sure, she is healthy, and also not suicidal anymore, she was given into the care, of the other family, that owned the company, well same blood, to be precise, it was the youngest son, already a man.

he said, that he will be her new father, as he is going to adopt her, for the sake of the family business, as this would protect the investment the most.

it would just be good business. for the name, and her protection. and making it all, even more believable, that they actually cared, and that is why they did it.

that has not been part of elyanas plan, but also not.

she just thought a far relative, or similar, would have to take her in, but not that the competition would adopt her, good for her, as she only agreed to it, would have agreed to it, when it was made public that they insisted on it.

also, the youngest son, did not step into the family business, still he held the name. and did support the factory, though, he wanted to build something himself.

without much help, other than being raised spoiled, yes, and good education, no, one million or even more investments in the begin, to help make something work.

no, he wanted to do it himself, but not for ego, no, for the thrill of it, the fun of it, the excitement of it. building something all by yourself, of course with privilege, and if he was granted that, if that was his story, so bloody be it, why should he not grant it himself.

he knew his struggle was, not knowing how it can be not having this privilege.

the real deal, the real experience of being poor, or even just not in this enormous,

privileged situation.

he could have never recreated it, even though he tried, he told elyana how he tried it, she was amazed, how much he has tried, most would think it is insanity, but most suck, and eylana understood and he liked that she understood. that is also why, he told her, he volunteered right away why he wanted to be the one to adopt her. it should have been voted, debated, inside the family, but he made it a short quick deal.

inside the family he was already known as the lunatic, so most did not even wonder why, or asked why. they knew he had some mad reason why.

mostly he did for the opportunity it could be, and because he would know, they would for sure get along okay, she would not call him a lunatic.

he liked that, thought he would like that, and now, he was sure.

elyana wanted it public, so no one would start suspecting something, and for sure, it was a risk, but, also very rational that she accepted the offer, as why should she not?

why should she not grant herself the privilege.

why? it is her story and eylana may embrace it however she pleases.

her parents said, she was forced to do that, as they threatened her, her and the family, and that is why, she did not say anything, nor did something against it, and even accepted the offer to be adopted.

still, as long eylana was not hurt, and repeatedly seen taken care of, no one saw a reason why to intervene.

elyana herself was fine with it, the son was mostly working, it was a big house, she got her own apartment in it, build into the top, external entrance, everything.

finally she felt safe, knowing she could not be touched anymore, and at the moment, literally was untouchable. well, at least by the greatest dangers.

then it started, that she worked together with the family and their lawyers, she giving them all the proof she promised them, and they were satisfied, the risk they took paid off.

them knowing taking this risk, making the sacrifice, may be their rise to the top, beating the competition. there is always a way, there are always chances and opportunities, to be seized, your stars guide one, them, who align, and show you the way, through the horrors and terror, through the storm.

there is always a light, trust or sink. or never even leave the harbor, we all get the choice, we all have the same chances and opportunities, to trust, trust into your stars, and be guided through the storms and waves and carnage.

feel and experience the thrill of life, once you are on the ocean of life.

is there even a goal, do you even want shelter again?

elyana knew, the ocean, is her life, the thrill, the excitement, the freedom.

of the far and wide ocean, following and trusting stars.

still she noticed the difference, knowing now she was safe, no one could touch her again, she was safe from the biggest troubles in her life, and also it was not just the fact that she was safe now, it was also that now she felt emotionally safe, and this changed something. she did not know the emotion of feeling safe before, never ever, she did not know it, she was always on the

edge, freeze, fight or flight, she never came down, always on the edge, 7000 RPM, never really being able to cool down, but able to cool down enough and lower the RPMs to a level where the engine did not blow up.

but now she started cooling down, shifting back, and she noticed, there was a lot, that she did not notice before, when she was going 200 kph and sometimes even hitting the 300.

now where she was able to cool down and slow down, she noticed, all the things, she could not notice when being in this situation, in this focus.

she understood why she did not notice it before, if would have been too much, far too much for her to handle, even though she did notice it, just could not grab it right, get a grip on it.

now there was room for it, and also room for all the emotions.

it was like a tidal wave hitting her. even though she thought, she was clear and ready, able to handle anything, it hit her like a bullet train.

with the only difference, of loving it, the terror and horror of it.

it excited her, it was not just fun and games, she knew it could kill her again, she could again end up ending her life, it can destroy and obliterate her. the key difference was, that she wanted to find out, if she can make it, to keep running, till the end of the line.

until the reaper calls her name, show herself she can make it, she can keep running.

as she thought to herself, what if? what if i make it? what if I handle it all? what if nothing can stop me, what if i can make it, and what other way is there, to find out, than to just do it. and she was ready, ready for anything, ready to do anything for it, be anything for it, and if it shall come to it, die for it.

why should she mind, she rather died trying, than suffering her whole entire life, and then even ending it, without ever trying, without that she ever tried.

there was no chance, no chance, she would let that happen

...

no chance...

so the tidal wave came, it was horrible, as elyana lost this beautiful clarity she had before. and she missed it, it was unusual, and terrifying, as everything was going so glad and smoothly.

she did not know if she could make it without it, without this clarity, she knew, she had to get it back, but wondered if this clarity would ever came back.

what she had to do for it.

was there even something she could do?

and she remembered, what else is there to do, than to trust and keep running.

as she knew, there is no other way for her, no way she would not keep running, there is no other way for her, not for her. like she cares.

why should she even remotely care about anything else, but making it?

to keep running.

only the reaper shall make an end to it. only he may make her stop running.

until then, why do anything else, why, tell me why, she asked herself why, and there is no reason to question it too much, as the answer is quite simple.

it is just too much fun, too enjoyable, too many thrills, too

exciting.

war is the best drug.

you lick blood, get into bloodrush, berserk, and get addicted.

war is my addiction.

there is nothing like it, pulling the trigger, and to take everything someone could have become, and could have had, was and had.

it is definition of life, to feel it all, soak it all in and let it wash over you.

elyana was filled with bliss, eternal bliss, glad she understood it from the beginning, all she had to, was trust. she trusted, we are all lost, it is okay to be lost, it means to be free, that is why they are called lost boys and lost boys like me are free.

nothing to lose, life is a game, in neverland, you own neverland, is you, embracing what you are. going with your guts, are the rules, and not caring, is the fun.

trusting into this lostness, those who dare, may find it, find being lost.

find being lost is the way, as only when lost, you can let go, look up, and trust.

you got to be lost to fly. you got to lose everything to be free to do anything.

elyana felt new feelings, of pain and misery, despair, often she felt so tensed and stressed, not feeling her body, so numb, so many emotions, so many thoughts, pulling and pushing through it, again and again and again.

and the more she did it, the more she saw the beauty of it, the beauty of the cruelty. how alive she felt, the memories, the story, she formed it, she wrote it, she executed, with precision and style.

abused little girl, good for nothing, used up hole, good for nothing, do not fret, elyana knew, it is okay.

be or not be it, it shall not matter, what matters is, are you having fun yet?

are you enjoying yourself?

she kept running, because it excited her, doing the impossible, afterwards, even asking herself, how the hell did i make it, get through it, not knowing, in some time, so will look back to this situation and ask herself the same, it is day by day, looking back at it, is always the story created, forth, you know, only so much can happen in a day, it is limited, time still has to pass, the past, time already passed and created a story.

every week is a new start, 52 starts a year, is it not beautiful?

why give yourself only 1 chance in 52 weeks, when you can give yourself 52 chances. and every single day, a small new one.

52 tries. every day again, addicted to it. addicted to retrying.

clarity, lightness, to go the distance.

staying in the game, and letting go of all else.

is it not beautiful, how much you can do with your life, shape and create.

persistent pursuing what you want, as you only get what you take.

not what you want, believe in, or think you deserve, you only get what you take.

it is and has always been in your hands, and your hands alone, the responsibility to take care of that.

are what you are, choices have consequences. messing up, retrying, until you get, and if death is what shall happen in this pursuit, then it shall be like that. death can happen, but sure is, death will anyhow happen one day, inevitable outcome, death.

seize the chance, or do not seize it, decide against it, risking it, it will not matter to time, and death.

time will pass, inevitable.

death will come, inevitable.

there is no changing that, only we can change what to do in this time until that.

we decide what to do, we have the choice, free choice, to decide for or against ourselves, embracing what we are.

whatever there is, why should someone not be able to do it? has there not been more than enough proof, that anybody can do anything. why not you?

are you different, are the others different, there is no doubt, no. time passes for us all and death awaits for us all.

not equal, but same chances for everybody. just different stories, different starts, chances stay the same. the rest is just overthinking it, looking for an excuse.

an excuse to not have fun, not enjoy your life, and even perhaps pull others down, not being happy for others, talking them down, as of course, as it makes it much easier, simpler to deal with it.

being able to look in the mirror.

sad world it is, sad way, tragic, how humans treat each others and especially themselves.

but most of all parents.

creating their dearest, life, without asking for consent, nothing, but then putting them down, keeping them down, to feel in power. to feel in control.

dare their children be better than them, show your own child, the cold shoulder. terror and horror.

it is messed up, a sick and messed up world, it has always been like that, it never changed.

the world has not become hell, it has always been hell. it was never different, never, nothing ever changed, it may have taken different shapes and forms, though what does it matter, in what way this madness has showed itself.

it stays the same, the ones who were supposed to love you the most, hurt you the most. and those hurt ones, repeat then this cycle of hatred, of madness, sick and messed up methods.

children completely sitting ducks, in the grips of their parents.

abuse is always there, always, in any constellation, some kind of abuse has taken place. always. children have to take the crap, dependent on their parents for their survival. there are no other, truly viable options, as everywhere it is the same, children being treated as second class citizens, mistreated and abused.

no chance to fight back, most times, just because of sole physical reasons. once we get older, and too much damage was anyways already done, we get more and more the chance to fight back.

it is one of the cruelest things ever, that is certain.

the certain beauty of it on the other hand, not minding it, rising above it, and letting it go.

the story that can be created, through all this, the storyline. hardships, most times always create beautiful stories, your stars will tell a beautiful story, a beautiful picture, in the sky.

it is there, in the sky, for you to create, always, until you breath, beauty can be created, your own individual beauty, your own individual storyline, you can embrace or cannot.

to be or not to be, what you are, though it is what you are.

it is you, your story, your night sky, there is no escape from this. accept your own beauty, let it happen and let go of the rest, as it does not, and shall never matter.

cruelty not turned into beauty, stays cruelty.

it is your turn, your decision, to seize it or not to seize it.

but in the end, both does not matter, though that is not what matters, or could ever matter, how could it?

what does matter, is that it is beautiful, it is joy, bliss, it is fun. it is excitement.

the excitement of the journey, the destination, all of it and every emotion and experience that shall come with it.

there is a world inside all of us, each and every one of us.

a world to explore, to soak up all the way and let it wash over you.

your own little planet, to have fun on, and turn and live in saus und braus.

terror, love, heartbreak, grief, kindness, hate, it contains so many thrills, endless thrills, to make yours, and yours alone, something no one could ever take from you once experienced.

even when someone takes your life, can he really take those memories from you, those thrills you experienced.

the joy you may feel, in those last minutes, knowing, to your last, until this one last drop of air, you embraced, created, a beautiful sky of stars.

once you close your eyes, shall there be ugly and cruel darkness, or may there be a beautiful and wondrous sky of stars.

shooting stars, and lights out, your final curtain call, your final experience.

seeing all those stars fall down.

i am tearing up, just thinking about it. and i look forward to it, and that is fine.

to look forward to death is not an issue. you can be excited about living and dying.

what can be wrong about that? to be born is part of life, we celebrate it, to live is part of life, we fear it, and to die is part of life, we mourn it.

i mourn to be born. i fear to not be and experience life. and i shall celebrate death.

a sweet pain, that hurts o so delightfully.

it is my life, i do what i want with my life, and that may be to enjoy it.

and no one shall take that from me. it is my life, i do what i want, take what i want.

create my nightsky full of stars, go onto this journey and never come back. experience one thrill after the other, hardship, moments of serenity and remedy, it all, i want to feel it all, i want to feel everything and then also nothing.

until my final curtain call.

and see those stars falling down, as those memories, shall never fade, in this black sky, they prevail, and create my beauty, my story.

i do not want to forget, i cannot forget, i want my story.

all of it. the more the better.

it is the ultimate thrill, the ultimate last moment, your last moment, you can do it, turn it into your ultimate moment, everything leading up to your death, and then soaking it all in, enjoying it.

to die for this beauty, what can be more worth it than this?

i cannot think of something more pleasurable than this.

this darkness, not seeing it, no stars fall, or some, few sad stars, gosh it must be cruel.

it is my biggest fear, though so easy to prevent. as it is in my hands, and my choices have the consequences.

choices always have consequences, which inevitably decide, everything, all of it, no exceptions, everything, if wanted enough, there are ways and always may be ways to at least influence it, the outcome, we all have a choice.

most times we just do not see it, as we would not be anyways ready to do it, to do what it takes for it.

i have been there, and shall be there again, and again and again. and i shall always be looking forward to my next challenge, the excitement lets me tremble each day i wake up. sometimes not being able to wait for the next challenge to come, as, the excitement is everything to me.

the difference between us humans and animals, we shall seek to thrive, may seek to thrive, seize the life, the chance, the opportunity to feel alive. there is nothing like it.

to not just survive, eat, sleep and be intimate. where is the fun in that? so primitive, and simple and dull, o so dull and boring.

life is there for us humans to give it a good touch of sass, of everything. write the book, be the book, you would like to read, you would like to be.

just a little treasure, found on the addict of your grandparents, some samples exist, sure no bestseller, although the best book you have read.

there is nothing about it being a bestseller. as only you got to like and enjoy the book, and if others may like it too, so be it, if not, so be it.

there is no turning the pages back, no turning back time, deleting written words. no starting from the beginning.

work with it, make something out of it, in your style.

embrace it, there is nothing like it, nothing else, will give you more thrills, even drugs, shall not even compare, of the rush of thriving, to the maximum.

sacrifice, cruelty, beauty.

o all the stories never written, unwritten and forgotten, for everything is in the end, in oblivion, the most beautiful part about it.

to just let go and sink into apathy, loose yourself in apathy. all the emotions are only there to feel, and only to feel, to not react nor act, but to just feel.

the definition, of letting it all wash over you.

death will come.

although even death, is nothing i shall not try to beat and defeat.

i welcome it, with all of my heart, but i shall not go without a fight.

until the end, the end of the line, i shall keep running, i shall thrive.

till the end of the line, over the line, straight into hell.

as what if?

what if?

i can beat death again, and again, and again.

i shall show them, i shall show them all.

all the abuse, abandoned, left behind, embracing myself, is also my inevitable revenge.

i was just a kid, i do not carry any ounce of fault, i was just a boy, i was just a kid, how was i supposed to know, that i could have fought back from the beginning.

there was no one to tell me, they all even told me the complete opposite of it, that i have to take it, make due with it.

how was i supposed to know.

i did not, until one day, i just had enough of it, this treatment, there was no way i would keep taking it. so started fighting back, resistance.

resistance against all of it, each and everybody, that though it was okay to treat me like that.

sheer resistance, and strategy and push backs. pushing and pulling through.

there is nothing like an overkill, total execution is always appropriate.

fight fire with fire, give them a taste of their own medicine. fight fire with whatever comes to your mind, as fire can and must be fought in so many ways.

it will burn you to the ground, and leave nothing behind, but ashes. become ashes, or fight the fire.

whatever seems more fun to you, you decide.

understanding, how much is possible, if only ready, is overwhelming at first, as it becomes more and more clear by the day, that there is not much that is not.

and history shows it best. so many things, telling yourself it was fate, destiny, or whatever, however else you decide to call it, history will always proof you wrong, period.

if those people could do it, anyone can. they were not special, you are not special.

nothing is, in the end. in the end, be assured, it may was not special, though it was fun, a life full of thrills and excitements.

no morals, no rules, the world is cruel, so the only sensible way to live in it, is without rules.

there are no risks, and never will be.

and this is the beauty of it.

the beauty of it in its purest form.

only you may decide for it, to experience it.

why?

why not?

because i can, and i shall.

...

innocent birth,

as how can it be a crime to be forced into something,

without being asked,

our birthday is the definition of cruelty,
born innocent,
the sole situation where this term actually applies,
where we cannot decide,
there is no hope of resistance,
defenseless in a cruel world,
in a tiny and vulnerable state,
it is crude and cold,
promised love and inevitable hate,
the ones that should love us the most,
hurt us the most,
the ones that should protect us,
they shall be the ones that abuse and hurt us,
growing up is pain,
so much was done to oneself,
so many wounds destroying the clarity of your brain,
it did not turn into hell as it has always been hell,
losing the clarity of the brain,
turning insane,
a cloud of a scarring storm covers it all,
to rise feels the same as to fall,
so we fall,
let ourselves fall,
to get into the taste of flying,
just to get a taste of the remedy in serenity,
so why do we fall in the end,
as it shows us the promised beauty,
of flying,

how it is in our hands,

learning to pick ourselves up,

rise back up,

resistance to the end,

until we reach the end,

till the reaper calls our name,

to go to the only place which is sane,

those who are gone are the lucky ones,

realizing we are all the lucky ones,

we all are in luck,

fortune is in our favor,

for every movie there is a final cut,

for every book there is a final chapter,

the final moment,

the endgame,

in a sick and mad world,

there is no other path or way,

death is there and shall come for all of us,

if you like it or not,

you are born to die

how can something portrayed so sad, tragic and evil, be so beautiful.

death.

it has not always been like this, even nowadays, everybody that dies, is supposed to go into some sort of paradise, and even if not thinking that, just nothingness, how is the beauty of it not conceived.

still birthdays are celebrated, have always been celebrated, and looked at in so fancy ways.

only into paradise if you were good, so not ready.

nothingness, as seeing the beauty of it, would mean to realize there is chance, but not forever.

all of it, take everything, every time, every single time, seeing the beauty of it, would mean to conceive the cruelty.

so we deny, and death is mourned and birthdays celebrated.

i shall celebrate my death and mourn my birthday.

not celebrating that we are born, but that we shall die, and what we did until then, how far did we make it?

reality would be, in most cases, there would not be much to celebrate.

so we rather deny, blend out, and celebrate cruelty.

feeling special for a day, and lie to each other in a collective.

so we all live happily in delusion, so it may turn into reality.

just almost, it does become reality.

condemn those, who do not play along, curse them, burn them, slaughter them, gas them.

everything to keep up the delusion.

totaler krieg.

history keeps repeating itself, all the idols o so peaceful, yet history is

violent.

we do not learn, we forget and forgive.

we deny, blend out, from one delusion into another delusion, trying to escape, and run the world.

a cycle of madness.

entire buildings build for it, masses slaughtered for it, terror and cruelty created, you cannot imagine, make up, could even be created, though humans do it.

from one massacre into the other.

keep the delusion alive.

fanatisch - alles für die illusion.

bytrian finally returned home, a place, so different for everyone who lives there, the same place, though, a different world for each of the residents.

bytrian knew it was his own personal horror house. all the abuse, feeling trapped, all of it.

he did not forget it, and he did not forgive, the necessary evil, the sacrifice, to thrive.

ready to do what it takes.

he did not want to live in illusion, as it is so dull. drugs are illusion, no wonder we all are drug addicts.

yet fact is, there is no thrill in illusion, with that also the urge to all kind of drugs disappears.

it is not real, nothing can top the rush of emotions.

knowing what it means to feel nothing, learning to love and cherish to feel everything, the urge for emotions, pain, reality.

emotions are my drug, life becomes an addiction, challenges, terror, misery, all of it.

to love and enjoy pulling that trigger, solely that itself.

war is my addiction. it is my drug, peace is torture.

bytrian felt it all, as he entered his house, his room, noticing how all of this is now still happening, he is still breathing, it is all still there, and if he would have died, it would have all also still be there, just without him.

but he is still here, as he did a mistake. still, one day, the day for sure will come, he will not be.

mother...

so much hate, he felt so much hatred. and felt how he was ready to kill that person, that gave birth to him.

some would say the ultimate sin, for him, it felt like the first ultimate rush. he looked forward to it, with beautiful anticipation.

knowing, what he would do.

how much he would influence everything, so many lives, especially his life and his fathers life. he decided to influence it, to take a risk. to do the necessary, ready to do anything for it.

violence needs change. change needs violence.

it was him or her, he knew that.

so many people would wish him the most terrible things, just for him thinking it. even though all of them, keep contributing to a violent history at the same time.

bytrian rather enjoyed and embraced the violence, the thrill of it.

as it seems it happens anyways. ugly violence, with no necessity.

bytrian just decided to embrace what he is, and to do whatever that means, what it takes to be that.

to embrace and enjoy his life.

what is so terrible about that?

i am happy for bytrian. enjoy your life bytrian, do your thing, go the distance.

bytrian listen to this voice.

it is your life, your chance to enjoy it, to seize it, to shape history.

go with your guts, trust and give no fucks.

murder her like an animal.

slaughter her like an animal.

shape history. pull and push through, and create your world, create your history, your story, your movie.

we only get one chance.

and your chance already almost ended.

so fleeting it is, can be, it can end so fast. it will end so fast, life is fleeting.

murder is a big risk, with an enormous risk of destructive consequences. though when you feel that necessary, you will find a way.

and you did find a way.

to meld and form your tiny little secret, of the story how you killed your mother.

murder is not murder, if necessary, it is nobility, elegance, in its purest form.

an execution, for beauty. a sacrifice for joy.

the sacrifice for victory, no sacrifice, no glory, be glorious, be victorious.

defeat is a choice, not an outcome. as we can try again and again and again, and as long we try, with heart, we do it with love.

it is fulfilling to the fullest, there is nothing like it, as one will find out, there is always for sure one way, most times several ways, then even with the privilege of choosing the thrill, which challenge to attack next, which story to create, which excitement to feel.

who you want to be. to embrace you, in the end though there will only be one way, and only one option feeling like you, yes, the rest would also be viable options, though why, when you know what suits you, what embraces you, what shall give you the most joy.

bytrian knew, he could also just tell his father what happened. or run away. so many other options. but it was not him, it was not his story. his story was to kill his torturer, who was his own mother, came to be his mother.

what is more messed up in the end?

what promises as much excitement and thrills, as slaughtering the love of a mother.

the so called love of a mother, meanwhile also affecting everything in the best way, as mother was nothing but a burden to everyone anymore. nothing more or else or less.

for him it was like being a hitman, and hitler himself in his sight. ready to pull the trigger.

nobody would judge him for it, suddenly, when somebody is evil enough according to many, murder is fine.

suicide is called as deserved. where is the line? who defines this line? the mood of, how society feels and thinks at the moment? what a messed up world it is.

here it is okay to throw babies of a cliff. jews are chased around the world, even nowadays. different looks, mean different races and so we kill each other. there it is okay to burn women alive. men are compared with bears, that they are worse than them. small boys are told they are nothing but thrash.

since forever though, children are told they are nothing but the property of their parents. it has never changed, everywhere, always looked as second class citizens, at any place, at any time.

sometimes it got better, sometimes worse, always it has been the worst.

at least at most places they are not forced into work, or even worse.

are somehow, protected with the basics of the basics.

still bytrian was tortured by the day, in a so called modern state, in modern times.

he asked himself often if anybody would even believe him, if even his father would believe him.

although he was sure, he did not want to find out.

it was far too uncertain, and even if, the death of mother was the perfect story.

he knew it, felt it, was surer about it than about anything else in his life before.

there was nothing much to think about, especially not to overthink.

and he also chose he did not want to, he wanted to trust. trust, go with his guts and not care.

so, it started, the last days of his mother.

at first everything was business as usual, back to everything how it has been for years. he even let his mother keep torturing, as it was too much of a risk to resist against it.

also, so his father did not notice anything, nothing, nothing shall happen to raise suspicion.

and especially most of all it could not happen too quick nor soon, as this would be the most fatal mistake, raise the biggest suspicion.

some months had to pass at least, months of more torture, just with the difference, bytrian dealt with it differently. the pain changed, felt different, now that he understood, he was not trapped, that there has always been choices, to make an end to it, that there was always a choice, it was just, that he was not ready for it.

he understood, he was never trapped. he himself let himself trapped.

he did not blame him that it happened, though, it did not change the fact, that the feeling of being trapped, was always just a feeling not a fact, no real circumstance.

it was liberating.

the pain became just pain, now the most messed up thing was, that he still had to pretend, to react the same as before, so he did not risk that something could change in his mothers reaction, torture methods.

but how life is, the time, life was fleeting.

and the time came, he knew, after a bit of half a year of torture again, it was his mothers turn to meet the reaper.

that the reaper is calling her name. he heard him calling her name, he was just the hand, the executioner, the tool.

at the same time with his own benefit gaining from it, and also the simple and sole reason out of it being hilarious, thrill, rush, comedy, cruelty, beauty, life itself.

having to do the necessary, being ready to do anything for it, and doing the necessary.

necessary evil, whoever is ready for it, shall make it. to play dirty is part of the game.

change needs violence, like we need to breath to stay alive.

violence is changes oxygen. with and in all the form violence comes in.

change needs it to breath, to happen.

whenever in history, change of it happened, violence came with it, plays the essential part of it.

and in its absence, you shall see in history the essence of it. the essential part it plays.

as every time, every single time, of all times, change was wanted, but missed the necessary violence, nothing happened, no change.

it may be crude, but it is necessary.

change needs violence. and violence needs change.

violence without change, is nothing but being a wild beast.

only for change, for doing the necessary, embracing you, violence shall come into play, there is no other scenario.

and as long we deny that one denies that to himself, blends it out, nothing can, or is going to change.

and other shall do violence to you, and change your life, by changing theirs.

survival of the fittest.

there is always a bigger fish, to devour or to be devoured, to kill or be killed.

change, adapt, evolve.

the beauty of life.

...

mother you reached the end of the line, and are going straight over the edge, into hell.

it is the end of the line for you. i am going to reach the top and be the strong man you always wanted me to be, do count on that.

and it starts with getting rid of you.

time to say goodbye.

and make an end to this torture, for all of us...

...

bytrian prepared the execution of her mother, as he proposed to start taking supplements, to also improve her general health, for it, making it easier for her.

his father never thought of it before, and he liked the idea, they talked with her doctors about it, who also did not see any reason against it.

as it was not a sickness of the body anyways, even less was there to say against doing it, all though they did say, they never proposed it, as they saw no sense in it, and a waste of money.

but bytrian knew his father would do anything for his mother, also he proposed they started a strict diet, to improve mothers health even more, as it is well known that it can have decisive effects, especially in the eastern medicine, only western medicine did not think much of it.

so they also did that.

he proposed it very soon, almost right when he got out of the hospital, knowing it was necessary to create the least to none suspicion.

bytrian did already know a lot about all this, as he always wanted to improve through it, his health and strength and also way to the top.

and he knew there were certain things, that were completely legal in those freely purchasable supplements, that could have bad to fatal effects.

not well known, even to very well read ones.

especially combined with the medicine his mother takes. he used it to his advantage. probably even the doctors will not even be able to find out what exactly killed her, what gave her the edge, the cut, the stop, of the heart.

the heart, it beats every single day, at any time, all the time, from the begin to the end, it beats and beats and beats, pumps blood through our veins, and tries to never stop. it keeps on going, and keeps on going. no muscle failure, can take so much, generally we humans can take so much, withstand so much abuse of the body.

drug addiction is the most beautiful example of this. all the poison, eating nothing but poison, drinking barely water, not taking care of hygiene, barely even sleeping.

imagine treating a plant like that, o well, they would not survive long, many animals neither.

still we humans, if they get clean of the addiction, they can come back, like nothing ever happened, to a certain extent.

is it not beautiful, how much damage we can take, and come back from it.

and through all of this, most time, the heart suffers the most, but most times it does not fail, it keeps beating and beating and beating.

stress is to the limit, how does it not fail? how can a muscle endure so much? take so much? relentless.

i assume this is why it got such a huge meaning in the world, to humans, since the beginning.

it is inspirational.

though, it also does have it limits, and can fail. it does fail many times, also depends on a lot of factors, but every heart has its limits.

and then it stops.

and with it, everything else stops.

it was time for mothers heart to stop. enough running for you. enough inspiration.

bytrian knew mothers heart was strong, but did have his faults.

her heartrate got very high, blood pressure too, and has been anyways since always been like that, no problem if you live a life with exercise, though since mother got sick, that was not really an option anymore.

and he knew, how much adrenaline rushed through her veins when she tortured him. how fast her heart got.

anyways already pushed through the medicine.

and there was where his plan came in effect.

and it was called synephrine.

there was a natural origin for cocaine, for heroin, but also for methamphetamine, nicotine as also caffeine.

and it was this little plant, with this little fancy ingredient, many did not know of.

combined with caffeine, a bad heart, bad conditions, fatal.

time to turn theory into reality.

on the day bytrian planned to kill his mother, he did not have to go to school. those have been always the worst days, as mother had even more time with him, for him no chance to escape it.

as father did love the thought of, the idea, bytrian being able to spend even more time with mother.

usually father does everything in the morning, medicine etcetera, but on those days it was always bytrains turn, to wake her up later than usual, and then do everything.

and he did it, woke her up, everything business as usual.

first to the toilet, then doing the bed. then bit of massaging the body. then breakfast. already healthy, just this time with citrus fruits, knowing, they contain the little magic too.

also freshly made lemonade, and her typical dose of coffee, on those days as usual more.

then medicine.

then those days were always reserved for the favorite of her torture methods.

she convinced her husband they needed a home cinema in the cellar. sensational surround sound system, high quality beamer, and soundproof room, with light effects.

you could feel the bass.

she locked bytrian inside, put in ear protectors that blocked just so much sound, so no damage could occur short term. glasses on, with which you still blink, but not close your eyes, as it started hurting too much.

chained to the chair. torture in 4k.

the screen split into 6 screens, on each playing something else.

first a child screaming in pain, while their organs are being harvested, happening in the streets of many countries.

next, humans getting eaten and killed by dogs and other wild animals.

then disgusting diseases shown and explained.

next, children being raped in brutal and sick ways. in the middle, men and women being raped by animals. to the right, beautiful women, who got victims of human trafficking, and forced into prostitution, and then, their sexual diseases in details.

followed by the last row, containing, drug addicts, letting themselves go, all kind of humans having intense sex to also very romantic sex.

and at last, humans sharing beautiful moments together, combined with war scenes and scenes of depression, suicides, self-harm and mental illness generally.

combined sound of all, with flickering, hypnotic lights.

volume turned to the max.

and mother sat herself right in front of him, not having to see the screens, nor the lights with special glasses, good ear protection.

hours they did it, but enough time before father came, about 3h time, so bytrian could come down, and she hugged and loved him very dearly after those torture sessions, as she knew he would grow so strong.

he knew it was her favorite, and he could always see her heart beating out of her chest.

and so it began again.

with sheer excitement as always shimmering in her eyes.

bytrian despised it, as the shimmering lasted until the end. right until the end and even further, even the next days, he could still see how much she enjoyed it.

he hated it, it was not even the content shown, it was just the sheer overstimulation of it.

and his mother sitting right in front of him, having the time of her life.

it hurt him so much, how she just watched, but not just watched, but enjoyed herself so dearly and made her so happy.

while he felt sheer terror. afterwards it was always such an awful, insufferable feeling, tensed, confused, hard to describe.

but his mother loving him so dearly afterwards, it was absurd and messed up.

just this time it started with him being sure, it would not last long.

and it did not.

he stuck to the usual act, and it began, 25 minutes in, he noticed mothers face started changing.

the reaper is calling her name, he saw it, he felt it, death was near.

he felt the same, death announces himself, though not like described, it was a soothing and beautiful feeling.

like falling into the most beautiful sleep, you have experienced.

the reaper is here.

everything happened in slow motion, with all the screens and light and music it became a beautiful orchestra of memory. so many emotions, such an absurd and unusual situation.

he saw at first surprise and confusion, and then fear and sheer pain.

she could not breath, and her heart did not beat anymore.

it was time for this inspiration to say goodbye, job well done.

time to say goodbye.

no running for you anymore.

she grabbed her chest and her sons hand, hold it tightly and he could read from her lips how she said, help me son.

with those words she fainted, lost consciousness, and dropped to the front.

so it was done.

bytrian succeeded. murder in cold blood. his own mother.

and there it was, the promised thrill of it, the emotions, the rush of it, letting it wash over him. he wanted to feel it all, every single bit of it, making it a shimmering moment, one of the brightest stars, first, and yet, forever.

he hold all the emotions, the moment, so tight. dearly, he hugged himself, visioned it again and again and again.

he saw his mothers face so clearly, the pain, the confusion, and the presence of death.

now she laid there in front of him, in her little torture cell, but bytrian coming out victorious.

i suppose she made the man out of him, she wanted to.

a man that can do the necessary, that is ready to do anything for it, he became necessary evil, she molded it, raised it.

the torture, the terror, the horror, it was her.

i must be sure that she would feel so proud.

mother, i have become the man you always wanted me to be, are you not proud? why will you not say something?

are you not proud of me?

i took your life, i murdered you, that is why you cannot say something, cannot feel something like pride anymore, nothing, you can feel nothing anymore, and i can feel it all, i can feel everything.

i want to feel everything. and now i do, i did, and you cannot feel anything, never again, anymore.

it did what i had to do, to thrive, to become the man, i want to be. it is me embracing me.

he knew it was not done yet.

he had to react right, create the right scenario, so no chance of suspicion rising could come up.

first, there was a simple system how to free himself from the chair, it just took time, though mother implemented it as she was also smart, and minded all the little things.

then there was also an emergency system for turning everything off and creating the illusion of them just watching a movie together.

once all of this was done, he called an ambulance, and did first aid.

he even gave her the emergency adrenaline they had at home. everything, he did everything right, knowing, if she would really survive it, nobody, not even her, herself would suspect something, so he could just do it again, find another plan.

even though he knew it was not a normal heart attack, as what probably happened is that something, some pipe, just could not handle the pressure anymore and busted into pieces.

it was not a heart attack, well yes also, but primarily she will die by bleeding to death.

there was nothing someone could do, no chance, both, she would survive.

of course he called the ambulance first, and did the first aid then, kept pumping knowing how much oxygen is left inside the body.

and then once the ambulance came, them realizing she had no pulse anymore, and hearing bytrian tell the facts, you could see, in the faces, there was no chance, the doctor came soon after, and also he noticed there was no chance, though the tried and drove her to the hospital.

bytrian came with, and called father.

father was in shock, though when father is in shock, he does not freeze, he focuses, hyperfocus, and fights, or flights.

he was right on his way, and arrived shortly after.

though there, they noticed, what bytrian predicted, the combination, was a death sentence.

there was nothing they could have done, not in those circumstances.

they simply explained, through the weak heart and the medication, and the excitement through watching the movie together, the heart failed.

that is has been anyways probably only a matter of time, as with this kind of mental sickness, the heart is anyways always pushed to limits, as the persons are always on the edge, the heart can never really rest.

this, over years, with strong medication and coffee, and excitement, just ends up often deadly.

and it literally did though, very likely also how bytrian did it, well, not on purpose, but very high possibility.

doctors do not really know, nor would ever look for the traces of the substance, synephrine.

it was the perfect murder.

bytrian right away communicated he is in shock, and everybody understood, as he stayed very emotionless and quiet. as he could not fake it, though also did not want to raise any suspicion. of course he did it the proper way.

so there she was, mother, cold and pale. father cried a lot, bytrian stood and watched at the end of the hospital bed, while father gripped his deceased wives cold and dead hand, crying for her.

and there bytrian did not notice death, nor the smell of death, no, he noticed love, and the smell of love, he noticed how there was something different near, whatever not takes, but gives life. he cursed it, though it was yet beautiful, and exciting to feel.

he enjoyed it to the fullest.

his little new secret let him grin just ever so slightly for a very quick moment.

actually, it was planned, that her organs would be used, though, for all of that it was already too late.

she laid there, still looking like an angel, such a beautiful women, perhaps also once so loving and kind. bytrian could imagine it, as he looked at her there, lying still, motionless and dead.

it must have been like that, as how else could his father love this thing so much?

also it was nice, as so motionless, cold and pale, her personality did not shine through the body anymore, and for this quick and short moment, he could imagine this body, with the mother he would have wanted to have, this person could have been, if she would have not gone mad, by the stress of the world.

why her? why him?

was that his mothers story? what kind of messed up story was that? it could not have been, and bytrian was certain, it was not.

he was assured, there were so many moments, where his mother could have changed it all, where she had the opportunities and chances to make it, create her story, embrace her story, life her story.

everybody has a choice, everybody.

she took the risk, went against the guts, and it destroyed her. played with fire and it burned her to ashes.

all though, at least she tried something, at least she tried to go the distance, go somewhere, make it somewhere, somehow, so far, that she even burned to ashes, her mind going insane, making it tell her to torture her own son, so he becomes as much as of a man like her husband.

what a beautiful way to go out though, to go over the edge, straight into hell, into the eternal abyss of darkness.

her brain popped like atomic bomb. incinerating everything. it may have not been her story, but for sure it has been some story, quite alright of a story.

only bytrian knew the full story, only he knew mother best, her story best. no one knew her like he did, he knew her best.

everything, her story lives through him on, as without her, he would not be the same, have the same story, and this torture does make quite a good story line.

it did show him a lot, made him experience a lot, the urge to change, to deal with the horror, all of the terrible terror and horror he had to experience.

in terror we do are the noblest.

killing his mother, murdering her in cold blood, was the noblest thing he ever did.

he could even imagine that his mother would be on his side there for sure, his old mother, the sane mother. that she would have wanted it too, that he kills her.

as this could have been the real definition of the love of a mother.

he was certain, his mother, actual mother, would have wanted it.

that now she is in peace, knowing bytrian is safe from her, and she can finally rest.

she can rest in peace.

mother.

goodbye.

...

and then also father had to let go of her hand, and say goodbye.

it was interesting for bytrian how father had and complete different picture of mother in his hand. a completely different story.

even though in the end, the real and only story, we ourselves know off ourselves, our true self.

the things we keep private, and do not tell anybody, not because we do not dare to, but because we do not want to, it is our privacy, our thing, not concerning anybody.

only if we could look inside the head of a person, we know their story, their deepest urges, emotions, wanted and needs.

many do not even really know themselves, could not even write their own story down, really portraying themselves. as then they would see, have to see themselves.

like bytrian would need to see, how he killed his mother in cold blood.

though, he did it with full consciousness, and deliberate.

it was his full intention to kill her, and he loved it, bytrian did not mind what he was, or is, or will be. bytrian wanted to embrace himself, with complete devotion, embracing to go with his guts, trust into it, whatever comes out, not concerned what it is, or especially what others think of it. go with it, be in the moment, have fun and enjoy yourself.

he loved to pull the trigger, loved being in this war.

bytrian felt from the beginning, that he was fine with it, what he did, in complete accordance, that he loved doing it, experiencing, making it a shimmering moment, in his night sky, his first and one of the most beautiful bright and large stars.

it marked his sky, with something that cannot be undone, denied nor forgotten. unseen nor that it did not change it in this whole and complete appearance.

he licked blood, and wanted more of this beauty, more of this cruelty, more of necessary evil, which is inevitable, once you decide, to embrace.

as it cannot be done without sacrifice, though, there may not be any sacrifices, as for that they would need meaning, but nothing else matters, but it, embracement.

devotion to being ready.

just ready to do anything for it, and if completely ready, there are no sacrifices nor obstacles, nor challenges nor nothing. only thrills and excitement.

pulling and pushing through, whatever may happen. again and again and again.

resistance to the end, the bitter, bittersweet end.

only death can happen, is it not beautiful?

risking it all and the worst that can happen is death?

the best? you make it. get what you want.

embracing yourself, or die trying to embrace.

trying to embrace, the beauty and the cruelty it comes with.

the perfect story, hidden inside each and every one of us. no exceptions. why should there be exceptions, why think you are special, or others are special?

we are all the same, different, never equal, but the same, in our own individual way, with our own individual story, with the same chances, to make the choice, the decision to embrace it.

to go with it or not to go with it.

bytrian went with it, his mother was dead.

dead.

she is never going to come back, never be at home anymore, never see her eyes anymore, smell her, touch her, hear her voice.

she is gone, and nothing can or will bring her back.

which also meant, the torture finally made a stop too.

no more torture, never ever again, bytrian could be tortured by his own mother, on a daily basis. never again. never ever again.

and who was responsible for that? what made that happen, possible? why was this consequence happening?

bytrian did, and solely him. nobody else but him. he made this reality. he turned all of this, into reality. he changed history, by sheer will, and precision, with his own hands. not by accident, not lucky, no, he calculated, and changed, adapted and evolved.

change is good.

stelle dich dir selber.

es gibt keinen freien willen.

...

Wir sind nicht Herr im eignem Haus.

who to decide what is right or wrong? laws were only created to prevent chaos from breaking out, madness, self justice, vigilance.

as most would suck at deciding anything, as they are mere animals, turn into animals, at the slightest sign of trouble, through all their o so good morals over board and slaughter.

massacre after massacre, history is proof to it all. all the idols were so peaceful, in the contrary, history is a story of violence and a tale of sorrow.

of delusion. which leads to the saddest part, how history keeps repeating itself, we do not learn from our mistakes. again and again and again.

same mistakes, same horror stories, just in different shapes, different forms.

still throughout everything good was perceived as always the same.

the fight between good and bad, light and shadow.

it has been always there, just different.

still all this carnage.

how come then, when people say, good and evil are a point of view, concepts, they are the bad guys?

how come?

how come even, whatever the case, god should judge someone. or the devil, demons, angels, how come the dare to judge me.

for me, enjoying something, i did not ask for.

i am supposed to be forced into something, and then even having to play by rules, other than mine.

as they know better, how do they know better?

as if it would be the case, how come not everybody is enjoying himself? is filled with joy?

but then when i decide against it, against all of it, live my life, which is my life, and seek joy and memories, decide to embrace myself, and myself alone, to live my story, create my sky of stars, to live through this last wondrous moment, in the moment of death, have a beautiful life, lived through cruelty, though it was just part of it, and made it even more beautiful, i am the bad guy.

i am the monster.

the anomaly.

i am evil, cursed, the devils work.

i am the criminal, i am being judged and condemned.

what sick world it is.

all though in the end, who always won? who won? perhaps lost, but won?

what does history tell us?

to go for it. to go all the way, as there will not be anything like it. to go the distance, to keep running, to trust, and go with your guts, and not care.

till the end of the line.

all the way, with all off your heart, there shall be no sacrifices as nothing else shall matter.

to embrace. completely.

they will judge you, they will despise you, hate you for it.

they may leave you, hunt you, try to lock you in, or out.

rejection, neglect you for doing it. isolation.

everything and all of it.

but you will be filled with joy and beauty, and alone, but never lonely, as there is this fire inside of you, the spark you ignited, so ignite.

and always when you look up, there shall be your beautiful night sky, full with all those lovely stars, you and only you created, all those memories, creating a work of art, until the final curtain call, seeing them all fall.

there cannot be anything more beautiful a human can do, than do write his story.

letting it all go. let go off everything he thought he would know. all this knowledge, he ever needed, has always already been there, all along.

to let it all go, and embrace trust. knowing you can trust, and trust it. letting it guide you.

complete trust, blind trust. and not care whatever it is, that your story is.

how come others take the right to judge your story?

judge you for wanting to enjoy yourself, get all this, feel all this?

how can anybody judge anyone, for wanting to create such beauty, those pieces of art.

it shall be the only true crime. the only bad thing in this world.

though, humans have been here a while.

why should things change? history shall repeat itself, till the day humans are no more.

so many pieces of art, never created, lost forever. so much potential, not used, so much beauty, feelings, thrills, excitement, never experienced.

it is sad, cruel, beautiful it is, it is a choice.

a decision. not, never, dependent on others. others made it, in the most absurd ways, so why not anyone else?

what made them special perhaps, is solely that they made the choice. they made the choice. but what is so special about making a choice? to choose to enjoy and embrace yourself?

does not seem really special.

a simple decision. not complicated, no overthinking. there is not much to it, and never was.

why should it be so hard? so complicated?

everything is more art than numbers, science, math, it all. it is beautiful, it is art, not rational nor logic.

for that you feel, and trust. and try out, trusting you may find out.

as if it is not fun, give or bring you joy, why do it? why the hell would you do it?

there cannot be a single reason, to do this to yourself, live, without it.

why?

i would choose death, always.

it hurts too much, and exactly this hurting, guided me, to find a way how to deal with all the hurting.

so i choose to let it all go and embrace.

as if, to make the decision to kill yourself, well, that, is also always a choice.

worst is not death, worst is living without joy, without total embracement.

i died for it, i took my life for it.

i am isolated, hate, derision, all of it. everything, almost lost my mind, almost into jail, homeless for several months, in the end years.

almost into jail, not because i actually did a crime, but because gas the jews principle.

you are wrong when you enjoy your life. homeless, but the best looking, smelling, grinding and high performing homeless that must have ever existed.

all alone, no one was there, 2 people did give me shelter for some time in the start, through me out, out of no reason, with barely a warning, just out of sheer dislike, that grew with time me staying there and thriving. loving and kind, enjoying, it is terror for others to place this mirror in front of them.

in a fight with the law, the police, politicians. everybody, tried to destroy me, but never, it happened that i did not feel filled with excitement for a long period of time.

after my second throw out, it has been quite sad, and for a quick moment, i thought i could not handle it. but i found a way.

certain, i was not the first homeless embracing that and not the last.

everybody looking at me for my beauty, which was just given to me, well dressed, styled, everything, like i was a top notch whatever. meanwhile me knowing, that i sleep in trains, shower in the gym, work in libraries, and rented a very small self storage place for my belongings. mostly clothes. ate on budget, only drank the water from the gym and at the library. went to the toilet there too.

theatricality, was everything. blowing smoke, just making something look different. i walked many times next to homeless, and it was shocking how different homeless can be, look. it is also just a simple choice.

i enjoyed it, i shall miss, i would not want to miss out on it. especially the last part, where i was all alone.

still thriving and filled with joy.

perhaps the only difference i was removed, forced out of my childhood room, with force, against the law, and completely against the constitution, by the police and kept outside of my room by the judges. so, through others, not through my own doing.

perhaps this was one of the essential points. as even then, when homeless, i was being judged for not then looking like a homeless, behaving like a homeless, smelling like one, dressing like one. judged and cursed.

laughed at, derision, discrimination, it all. absurd.

kafkaesk, just because i was homeless, i had to also now behave like one, i was not allowed to keep enjoying my life, to find a way to handle it, to keep thriving. even then, they would not grant it to me.

they hated it of course, being shown, in such an extreme situation, that even then, there are ways. always.

politicians i did not even think of contacting at first. the press yes, but politicians far much later.

politicians have and always been, most, useless infants, boosting their ego, like the rest.

still, there are always ways, also to fight them, even if they are in this idiotic position of power. resistance till the end, necessary evil, ready to do everything for it.

as this is and shall be always the only essential thing what separates you from them. you will go with your guts, trust, and not care, lost but won, there is no losing.

there is no what if two of those persons collide, there are no collisions, you may glide in your story, through all of it. glide through all of it with ease. trust.

trust into it and just glide, glide through all of it. for it may be your most beautiful and sole experience you shall ever need and want. longed for.

to just let go and glide, glide through all of it. let go. let it all go, it all is not necessary.

and once in the absence of everything you may conceive the essence of all of it.

you may perceive, it has no essence.

it never had essence, and never will have essence.

for now, understanding that, you are free to do anything, and what else is there to do, than enjoy yourself? and embrace, the one thing, that is always there, your guts.

with its absence, you are going to notice the essence of it, most certainly.

as, life, itself, will only be to suffer, struggle and be and stay in pain.

misery, cruelty, it is reality.

only you may turn all this cruelty into beauty. into your story, your sky of stars.

it is there, somewhere, this light, indicating this beautiful sky. where all the memories and emotions shall be held on and archived.

all of the stars, knowing them, may align into your picture. creating them, them aligning and falling.

they may rise and fall with you.

stars can tell beautiful stories.

i have been through it, and i would not want to miss out on it, for nothing in this world, as it is part of this picture, of the endgame, seeing them fall, with all those other stars, those shooting stars, this orchestra of meteor showering down the dark sky of the night, burning and shimmering, i could not imagine my sky without those stars.

all of the abuse, daily abuse, of all kind, from everybody, nobody to turn, all alone, always, figuring it myself, telling everybody to stay and keep their distance, all alone because of that, homeless, all alone, no place to go, still, thriving.

creating shimmering stars, shimmering moments.

filled with joy.

i have been there, i know how it is, from own experience. i made it out, not because i was lucky, nor special, no, i solely made it out, because i made the choice.

and i became evil, necessary evil.

knew how it is to bleed to death, gosh it was so beautiful.

got the question asked, have you had enough?

and i said yes, i have had enough.

though i woke up again, i asked where i am, where i slowly noticed, i am still alive.

i am still here, why am i still here?

i should not have survived it, everybody said it, that i should not have survived. it was almost impossible, but i survived.

i remember laying in this bed, time did not matter, i could not read the clock anyways anymore, but i never asked for the time neither, as i just did not mind.

everything was so silent inside of me.

i could not believe, that i survived. i was sure it was over for me.

but then there i was, on this bed. still there.

such a close call, and still there. why me? why could i have not just died?

why did i survive?

why me?

why overthink it in the end?

i had two choices, do it again as soon as possible, or just now use this extra time, as i am anyways so done, i answered the question with yes, a clear and precise yes.

i have had enough.

i am done.

sick and tired off all of it.

soon it will be 4 years since i have done it, i am still here. ready to leave at any moment. thriving. even though i almost died in my mothers hands, she found me, i almost bleed to death in her hands, she says, i am the demon, the problem, everything.

even though they knew everything they did, all of it, they had the arrogance, to throw me against the law outside of my home, my room.

and everybody supporting them.

how can this be right? how can this be allowed?

i live in a supposed to sophisticated, modern and secure state.

with laws, a constitution, by which, it was completely against it. and that very clearly.

though nobody cared. and i am no exception, daily basis. usual business.

how can this be like this? happening so many times, but then we keep denying.

to the ones, we are brutal, who are our future.

we create the monsters, those children back then, just do, what has been done to them.

there are no monsters, there are only innocent children, who were not asked to be born.

abused, rejected, neglected, unloved, but them are the monsters.

why is not anybody talking about the parents?

the ones at fault.

we are supposed to be thankful for it, show gratitude and honor them.

for doing the bare minimum. or not even that.

still, that they did not throw us into the gutter when we were born, is supposed to be a work of art, probably the love of a mother in definition.

how i do not miss it.

the only thing that is happening, is, parents fearing their children, as their children put a mirror in front of them.

of everything they have been through, also through, were also at, and could have been. now those children shall of course not outshine them, dare parents only be a shadow of their children, finally parents can feel superior. finally, it is their turn to be in power.

children shall always show the incompetence of parents, all the time.

children being children, only enjoying themselves, having fun, experiencing life in its fullest.

from the begin ready to embrace.

and ready to be loved for it.

dare children enjoy their life. dare them to be individual, question things, and not obey.

obedience, as parents need to know they are someone, ego. purely ego.

children questioning whatever story their parents tell themselves, show them every day, how they lie to themselves, how they had the same chances, to just embrace.

innocent, and ready to embrace.

to ignite their spark, though dare children danger the illusion they all already live in, the illusion of grownups.

choke the flame, choke the spark. put them down, with sheer barbaric physical force.

the cycle of misery.

conditioning, manipulating, all of it.

everything to keep the delusion alive, no one shall not live in denial.

to deny is to live and enjoy life.

everybody needs to be part of the illusion.

children.

beautiful creatures, humans, born, without being asked, yet innocent, ready to

embrace. it is all laid into our hands, from the beginning, everything.

and parents destroy it, grown ups destroy and create cruelty.

and their parents did, and the parents of those parents, and their parents etcetera.

an endless cycle of cruelty.

the cycle of cruelty.

how did it come to this? why did it come to this?

too much fire?

as we are not meant to just hunt and collect anymore?

we humans can become more, we are not animals, what makes us different, is, we can decide.

we can decide, not to behave like wild animals. but as something more. be something more.

it means to be human.

it means to be noble.

to have standards, class, style and elegance.

to feel, emotions. thrills, nothing known to humanity could ever also experience and compare.

the thrill and rushes of feeling it all, all of it, knowing how to feel nothing, as well all of it.

it is easy to make due, to go numb, to make due with having no standards.

to deny, live in denial, in delusion and illusion, it is bliss for them.

as this, and only this, is humanities natural predator, by what we are hunted.

we are and have always been the apex from the start.

this, is our challenge. this is our darwin rule.

survival of the fittest, those who can change, adapt and evolve, may live.

survive yes, as we are the apex.

though just surviving, is not living.

change is good, those who may embrace it, shall thrive and live life, feel alive.

with everything it comes with, all off its treasures, it contains.

this is our predator, from what we are hunted.

we hunt ourselves, we prey on each other.

we are our own natural enemy, the apex hunts the apex.

this is our evolutional step we have come to.

our cycle of life, our cycle of cruelty, we invented cruelty, as we may perceive and conceive things as cruel, as ugly and dull.

survival of the fittest became something else, it became more.

surviving and thriving beneath the fittest and rising above.

the cycle of misery, is humanities cycle of life. we created cruelty.

and with it came its unmatchable, undeniable and untouchable beauty.

to face ourselves. face yourself. change, adapt and evolve.

this is the new challenge.

and with no chance to escape the predators, as they are the closest one to

us. and with no chance them not preying on us, hunting us.

and then, once you have faced yourself, and start to embrace, to change, to adapt, to evolve, it will show itself more and more clearly, who actually are the real predators of humankind now.

it is us, we are the apex, and so we are our only predators.

we hunt, slaughter and annihilate ourselves. each other or literally ourselves.

especially the ones who are supposed to love us the most. as it would hurt them the most to see us thrive and them not. constantly being held this mirror in front of, it is not endurable. they cannot endure the pain, of seeing what could be. so they destroy, every parent in their own sick and mad ways. it is grotesk und böse.

for every child has to face also the cycle of misery, having to face it too, it would not be necessary of course, though it is inevitable, it is the cruelty of the beauty. no child will not face, grown ups, choking their fire, their spark, trying to extinguish it. there will be always those who prey on children.

in the rare situation where it is not the parents, if it exists.

the system discriminates children, is against them, gives them no rights in the end. in the end they are almost slaves, some places much better, some places much worse, though always second class citizens.

every child is going to face discrimination, bullying, derision in one or another way.

pure physical strength in the end, keeps them in this position.

and nobody telling them to fight back, to resist, to not endure this treatment.

how could they know? if nobody tells them, but most times the exact opposite.

they are in the end just kids yes, but from start one treated like and as such, of course they rarely know then. how, in such circumstances, are they supposed to know, that they could just fight back?

and no one there to help them, nobody there telling them to rise up, fight back, to be treated the proper way with respect. no one is there, no place to go, where this is the case.

even though they could, how were they supposed to know? treated from day one, not the proper way, the damage long done.

no way to escape, ashamed to born, no place to go.

with the only question, will they make it? escape the cycle of misery?

and most do not. most just perhaps fulfill the basic animal standards, survival of the fittest and reproduce.

history, humankind, was written by those few humans, that escaped this cycle and embraced.

and children are every heritage, religion, genders, form and shapes.

it all does not matter, and never mattered. few men and women, humans, wrote and shaped, molded the history of mankind, made an impact, a difference, progress.

heisenberg and freud. kelly. everything started with them.

oppenheimer, became death, destroyer of worlds.

nobel, haber, bosch, otto, diesel, wankel, seligman, jung, humans that have changed everything. did they embrace? how could someone ever truly know, but themselves. although, chances are high, they very likely tried.

how else? just by accident, they created those things? because they were special? or because they dared to, risked, trusted into their guts, chased relentless, trying to figure.

hitler, was literally a homeless, failed artist. a nobody, that almost ruled the whole world, and for a short period of time, was the richest man on earth.

he urged, the development of the atomic bomb, this fear, extreme danger, oppenheimer could have not done it without him. hitler changed everything.

a homeless, failed artist, war veteran, achieving such things? changing so much?

dealing so much damage, carnage and evil?

there are serial killers, but so many? millions? would seem like a made up story, many for sure would wish it would be, though, it is reality.

and he was not the first, and shall not be the last.

was it luck? so much wrong doing? i cannot be luck, special, everybody would agree on, for sure not, no, most likely he also tried his best to embrace himself.

what if only someone else, and would have stopped all of it? created the peace another way we have nowadays between the biggest nations, we have now through this mess.

was it really necessary?

good that oppenheimer dared to, and was quicker than heisenberg.

who did not even try, yet he could have. and if, he would have.

he embraced, and changed it all. was oppenheimer afterwards liked? a hero?

no, not a hero, everybody knows how he was treated.

not a hero, something much more. a person that embraced, and did the necessary. necessary evil. so much sacrifice. forever in history. a star. all of them.

such a good demonstration, of how far embracing can take someone.

what else was it? logic? theory? science? science is art not science.

such a beautiful art.

and those humans, and only them, many not even heard of, changed history, influenced it, in the pursuit of embracing themselves, going with their guts.

till the end of the line.

the rest had the chance to, same like them, same chances for everybody, to embrace and create their story.

those who did not, never mattered, were and became just tools. tools for these few humans.

because they choose to become tools, they choose to deny, to choose to not dare, to not risk.

is it fine to be a tool?

why should it not be fine to be a tool, to be ordinary, to choose to live in cruelty.

to devour and be devoured. it is the cycle of cruelty, humans cycle of life, some just make it, most do not.

the essential thing is, it is a choice.

it is the cycle of humans life, it is just the cycle of humans life.

we are not equal. we are not the same.

we are all individual with our own beautiful individual story inside of us.

and we all have the same chance to live it, embrace it, create.

the only thing where we are the same is, that we get the same chance. same opportunities and chances for everybody, every single and each and last of us.

Unsere Würde – Verantwortung.

we are born against our will, get the same chances, and are sentenced to die someday, but one day, that is certain.

some are faster, some are smarter, some are stronger, though all of this will, even if, only bring you so far.

be ready, ready to do anything for it. for which is the only thing that counts.

being ready.

become necessary evil, as what if? how far?

show them, show them all, create your beautiful sky of shimmering stars, to the final curtain call, watching them all fall and shine for one last time, your own personal miracle, miraculous beauty.

to live each day to see it unfold, into my picture, whatever it may look like, it is your picture, your own individual beauty, you own individual story.

embrace it.

see the stars align, each and every one of them, into your picture, your work of art. as it is you, what you may enjoy or may not enjoy, it is and shall always be, a single choice.

one single choice, in one single life. with one single chance to cease it.

cruel beauty.

as the cruelty kept shaping and forming elyanas art, for elyana kept embracing. she embraced, embraced the cooperate fight and rise. all of the proof was collected, everything she promised, she delivered, everything was there, and the pieces were set, all together for total execution. even though, in a world so wrong, there were of course also many faults in the law system, fatal faults, a system not working, until pushed to work, until all eyes were set on it.

the power of money.

wealth and influence, forced, the best performance out of the struggling system, as in most cases, only pressure, some force, some form of violence does the job.

change needs violence, the fall and rise of the other factory, depending on the sheer violence, they both brought with themselves. their influence.

was it privilege? did the influence just happen, suddenly one day, influence was there? such enormous influence?

there was always a starting point, nothing ever held over generations.

generations fall and rise, as time passes, and life fleets.

always there was a starting point, someone and how made the choice, how far he took it, pushed it, this choice, no one could ever know, though, how else is it possible?

luck? how could luck ever create anything?

fortune favors fools, and fools rise quickly and fall deeply. it never sustained. never there were rising stars, just by luck.

never ever, always when looked behind the scenes, there was cruelty, in one way or another, cruelty is always part of the journey.

and with it, the beauty it comes with.

all of them, what exact cruelty experienced, we shall never know, as most times, it is hush hush behind closed walls and doors.

parents creating destruction in the minds of children. behind closed doors, and walls, keeping the cruelty forever a secret, though always, shall just anything leak through any tiny whole, one who knows what it is like, may always conceive what is behind those locks.

the terror, the horror it is seen, perceived clearly.

leaks, revealing everything, like rust, or the tip of an iceberg.

everything is beneath the surface, kept hidden in darkness. most times. and those times, it is all spilled, if surprise is what you feel, then welcome to facing what you are. a tool.

there is cruelty inside of you, there are those locks inside of you, for those shall only see, who are ready to look, dive beneath the surface. into the darkness.

until one reaches the deepest spot, point zero, is at the deepest dark spot, has seen it all, ready to embrace it all, the full story, the full work of art, beauty.

and see it all, soak it all up, everything. wash it over you, though in the end, all you shall fathom, is the foundation of the beauty, ready to be embraced and created.

influence, took embracement. full embracement, whatever it is, and whatever form the influence comes in.

see the possibilities of the influence it can create, being ready to step over lines, to sacrifice things, for then, already every each and single of us, shall create some form and size of influence.

presenting your own little horror house to the world, ready to face it all, and deal with it forever, and rise above it.

the influence, blood was spilled for, metaphorically or even literally.

influence, those who have it, have blood on their hands.

blood of sacrifice, however it came in. beautiful blood, decorating you like beautiful dimes.

shimmering on your hands, for the hands with the most blood on, shimmer the most, are the most beautiful ones yet, for all the cruelty they are responsible for.

it does not come off, the blood stays, though, you would not want it to come off, as this beauty, from executing cruelty, doing it, the necessary evil, is nothing to be ashamed of, nor feared, nor anything, but enjoyed and embraced.

bloody hands, shimmering skies, of stars, aligned, created and done by those bloody hands. them, those blood stains, the product of your final picture, like and artist, finishing his painting, everywhere there are little paint drops, though, once then, for him, they are not just drops, but a result of his work, for those drops could never even compare, to the beauty of the blood, necessary to be spilled.

get your hands dirty, be ready to live with blood on your hands, ready to dive in deep.

for then even courts will have to bow before you.

i have been there, i was there, a victim of the systems faults. experienced choices, behavior, which were just outrageous.

i was in shock, but it was that bad.

it cannot happen in a position of influence. though, it happened whilst i was embracing, those sentences, decisions, created situations, which made me struggle so much, pressure, sheer pressure of suffering, me being ready, and me discovering something, i would not want to, could not miss imagine a live, without it, miss it.

it was necessary. it does not change the fact, in normal circumstances it would have ruined the person, made them fall, abused children. it happens every day. every single day.

children even scared to report it, then having to face those atrocious experiences, most would fold in the begin.

already starting with the police, especially as a man, or women, abused by women, even worse.

no one even shows the littlest of empathy, doubting it to the end, only when delivering, having the facts it all, the details, of how you were abused, how you were raped, to the littlest detail, telling it to a person, not even in private, a random person, looking at you, like you are the monster, only then perhaps they will see, in the end, react, take it serious, as they should.

i have only experienced this once, on the day i reported all off my abuse to the police. the feeling in the end, when they believed, and saw, and took it seriously, it was beautiful. doing the necessary, doing it the right way, preparing, with proof and evidence, telling them all of it to the littlest detail, staying focused, and achieving it, them taking it seriously.

as i walked out, the highest ranked officer there at the moment, showed me out and held the door open, in his face, i could see, the respect of me daring, the courage to do it.

it was a beautiful experience, though, i knew, it was because of me putting in the work, going into the detail, having the proof.

i was ready, ready to do anything for it, so many random strangers walked in meanwhile, able to listen in, while i talked about how my father exactly raped me, touched me.

different policemen, asking the most intimate questions, all of it, it took hours. letting me wait before for hours.

me also collecting proof, the proper way, informed about law, everything. focused, preparing it like a presentation before, practicing, writing it all down before.

this was me being ready, me achieving influence.

me making it possible, blood on my hands, my blood, the sacrifice. the way they question you, is similar to, if not the same, as a well known therapy method.

and already there, i heard many, many times, most could not even sustain that, with a therapist, who does it only with patients, they know very well, and trusted bond to rely on, in a private setting.

how could those people, ever report something like this?

is it really necessary? though it was at the time i did it.

influence.

with the courts the same, i moved to whole world, to listen to me, i told it all, undressed my self to my bare skin. i kept going, and going, and going.

trying this, and that, again, and again, and again.

whilst being homeless, with no one on my side, people throwing me out twice, but still, i kept going, putting in the work. finding ways, finding my story.

changing, adapting and evolving. facing myself, being ready, and again. change is good, embracing me.

the utmost hardest time of my life, sleeping in trains, getting used to it, my back killing me, my neck hurting, though i did not want to look suspicious, so i did not make it look like i am planning to sleep, so no things to support the sleep, like neck pillows. pretending i just fell asleep, i did not want to risk, them thinking i used it to sleep, as i took the same rides every morning at the same time. made up a story, if it should come worse to worse, but as i was a paying customer, and in the early morning did not really disturb anybody, i was anyways safe, still, why take the risk. in the gym, also at times, where there was no reason them accusing me of disturbing, as in the night time, no one was there, and if, even in the day, low risk, still why take the risk.

doing the necessary.

my back killed me, my neck, and my mind felt dizzy. though working like a machine, planning new ways how to do it, to rent a small office space, sleep there, and shower in the gym, store my belongings at a storage place, also me realizing, i kind of loved the style of living like a nomadic. no real place i was bound to, in any way, anywhere i could leave at any moment, rent a new place to store, rent a new place as office, use a different gym. i felt invisible and untouchable by the state.

i figured it all, to the detail. i loved it, the action. the rent of the office, storage place, and gym, could have easily afforded an not even small apartment in the right place.

though, there come so many responsibilities with that, risks, everything. annoying neighbor? cannot just move out, leave. so many rules to mind, all the other things, where also renting, though with such simple rules, and flexible.

like living on the run. but from nothing. running with the devil. though it has limits, it is no way to hide, but an interesting way to life.

it removes so many thoughts, and chores in some way, like living in a hotel. though even there, you can get just randomly thrown out, strangers can easily get inside your room, a storge place, locked, is absolutely necessary.

by all means, then, with running gym membership, hotels are even better, as for food you do not have to leave, to some work place you do not have to leave, and switching rooms, in simple hotels is also quite easy, or to leave and find a new one. gyms are also most times there. a parking spot, everything.

it is perfect, and the same. nothing to worry about, like, when do i have to paint the walls again, what strangers are going to do it before me, when can you afford it.

even rich, having to deal with paying all those people, and even when creating your own little hotel, you could just leave anywhere, and right away get the same.

i found through all this hardship, to love to this style of life.

ultimate focus on embracing, so little worries, simple bills, and expenses and responsibilities.

so free, getting used to it, leaving anywhere, at any time, how to survive, what to do. being homeless thought me so much, and especially how i wanted to work in a different way.

the utmost hardest time of my life, i could not miss out on it, not trade it for anything.

sounds strange does it not?

as i knew it was part of my story, stars to create, shimmering beautiful stars, it was if not the most essential part of my life, as i kept embracing, kept trusting, blindly, going with my guts, trusting, and not caring.

not caring, doing my thing, minding me, i wanted to like myself, and be like myself. i am here to like myself, to serve me, to entertain me, to impress me, and nobody else.

to enjoy my life, my story.

i kept running, like i cared, thinking to myself, like i care, there is anyways no other way, not for me, ready to die, as what if? what if?

even if it meant losing my mind, homeless, derision, it all. all of it.

i told my guts, we will show them, we will show them all, as what if?

i was ready to do anything for it.

i knew that i was ready to do anything for it, many times, when i talked to people and them calling me good or anything, i just thought to myself, if only you knew.

although in my eyes i was good, as i embraced, trusting, in whatever it will be, it will turn out beautiful, beautiful, not good or bad, but beautiful. i am what i am, nobody, who is anybody to judge me for it.

who is anybody to call it good or bad? what do you know about?

i was ready to let atomic bombs go off, slaughter even children, with a smile on my lips, knowing, if, it was necessary. of course there would have been also sadness, a lot of sorrow, though, the smile on my lips, would have been there, because, it is okay, i enjoyed those feelings. it is okay to enjoy those feelings, it is okay to embrace you.

nobody is in any position to judge your story. i would never judge you, i would never judge bytrian nor elyana, nor myself, anybody.

i would be happy for you, embracing, trusting, doing the necessary evil.

understanding, there are no such things as good as bad, but joy or cruelty.

the world is cruel, it does not have to be ugly too. turn the cruelty into beauty. and with it joy comes, the world is cruel and ugly, your life does not have to be. and embracing, turns this cruelty and ugliness into joy and beauty, and makes the world beautiful, full of joy.

look where thinking there are things such as good or bad got us? doing the right thing.

to hell with that.

embrace. trust, go with your guts, and do not care. trust into yourself, what for you good and bad is, decide for yourself.

though, this, this exactly, rarely, told people, and as of a certain point not anymore. i know they would not understand, i made the experience they did not, of course they did not.

you made them face themselves. you are destroying the bliss of illusion. the life of denial.

they will hunt you for it, try to put you down for it. even loved ones. they will hate you for it, if you go down this path. and judge you for it.

but the mutation must stay alive, the bomb has to be used, the weapon created, the discovery turned into a weapon.

progress. isolation, derision, hate, everything, they shall call you mad.

try to stop you. you will go through hell, and if you stop, you will stop in hell, and burn.

they will hate you for it, for being something more.

loved ones, everybody.

i did not tell it anymore, also, because i did not want to, why should i? i felt, this is something private, like few other things, i just do not want to share. it is mine, and mine alone.

it is my life, thinking having to share everything, no, also there, do the necessary.

it is your life, your story, your privacy, if you feel it, you will feel, your exact line, of what to keep private, because, not of fear being judged, disliked, no, just because it something, that only concerns you.

elyana had also those things, meanwhile also doing the same, she created her influence, her position of power, by doing the necessary, making the sacrifices.

she did what it took, she and only she, not fortune nor luck, she herself, with her hands, made all of it possible, collecting the proof, finding a way to communicate with the competition, telling her own personal horror house to the world, literally, as the influence and reach, of the companies was huge.

elyana made it possible, blood on her hands. she and she alone facilitated it all. she was responsible for it, this turn in history, her choices, had those consequences, created this story, this life, the influence, the start of her rise in the cooperate world.

choices, day by day choices, create day by day consequences, which write your story.

whatever it is, it all comes to, to the decision to go with your guts, or not, to embrace or not to embrace.

elyana kept embracing, going with her guts, she made the decision. and it had its consequences, which showed, how simple life actually is, can be. a simple choice.

it is simple and not complicated. humans cycle of cruelty, humans cycle of life, them being their own hunter and predators, the cycle of the apex predator, of the apex hunter.

its beauty it comes with, as with it, its cruelty.

nothing in this world is safe from being devoured. to live is to devour. or be devoured.

in the end, every defeat comes down to one selves own lack of capability. to let yourself be hurt, or to hurt.

to do the necessary, and if it is evil, it shall be necessary evil, if it shall be good, it shall be necessary good, self sacrifice, or sacrificing others, it stays the same, it does not matter, why judge, why overthink it.

does it bring joy? is it fun? is it time? is it money?

what else does matter, but to ask yourself? calculate, evaluate. and if you are not enjoying yourself why do it?

all though, ask yourself, what guts, what story, involves, just slaughtering children, or even one child. or what story contains, saving starving children from some slum, or just one? how possible it is part of your story, it is very unlikely, especially the so called good deeds.

what good did it bring? ever? is history not violent? the endless fight against good and evil, shadow and light?

an endless fight, sounds terrible, ugly and cruel. nothing can really be done, contain something like that, it is ugly, cruel and dull.

earths history, humans history, history books do not lie, as it happened how it happened. the only fun parts, parts with joy, with beauty, is when it revolves or involves those few, who made the choice. the rest contains nothing exciting. and only when it involves those, it has thrills, changes, it seems worthwhile, reading, it gives humans a story, earth a story, in the history of planets, those few, together, do, and only them, in total, shape, create, form, mold, unveil, reveal, when unravelling it all, a story.

and those points, never directly involve good nor bad, though progress, embracing, change.

peaceful idols plenty, violent endings as plenty. peace, peace, peace, ending in carnage after carnage. history repeating itself, humans, forgetting, forgiving, not changing, and the cycle of cruelty continues.

few, and only few, making the difference, one person, changing everything, turning points, were never facilitated by masses, the opposite, a singular person, and masses moved by those, in one way or another.

tools, and the ones using those tools, the captain, and the sailors, joining him on his journey.

though, is it wrong being a tool? is it wrong being a sailor?

there may be many, who would say it sounds degrading. and keep judging.

judging everything, analyzing everything, thinking they know everything about everything, though, they know everything about nothing. nothing about everything.

nothing about nothing, as who is anybody, to judge being a tool is better than being the one using those tools.

not being the captain, but a sailor. why not follow someone who embraces? if not able to embrace yourself, why not join someone. why join someone, if it brings joy, do not join, if it is fun, join, if it is fun embrace, if it is fun, do not embrace.

though, what are the chances, not embracing, not joining at least, is any fun.

and what are the chances, embracing yourself, is, may and shall be the most fun.

is it bad to not have fun? is it good to have fun?

is it bad to have fun? is it not good to have fun?

just the thought, thinking about that, overthinking it, is missing the point.

it is fun to have fun. end of the story.

there shall always be those, who think and think and think about, trying to find a deeper meaning. although, a deeper meaning, does not mean it has to be deep, takes a lot of thinking, most times, the deep things are quite obvious.

it is fun to have fun. perhaps it is bad, okay, perhaps it may be good, okay, does it change or influence in any way, whatever it may be, may end up, analyzed, overthought, researched, that having fun, is fun. enjoying yourself, being yourself, embracing that, feeling thrills, excitements, feeling alive, emotions, all of them, letting them all in, letting them wash over you.

every human being should grant that to himself, and whatever that may be, trust in it, trust that you embrace your story, shall bring progress, those changes, making this ball of water and dirt into something worthwhile to look at, to experience. to read about, and even if not, it is written down, did you have your fun?

did you enjoy yourself?

did you feel alive? did you escape the cycle of cruelty? find out who you are, and create this sky of shimmering stars?

and now ask yourself, if it then matters, if it will be written about.

would you really care? concern yourself with it?

i had fun, but it is not written about, sounds quite alright to me.

for the real story, shall always only be inside you, and could never really be put into words, what you feel, the words cannot be invented, some might imagine, but truly know, truly only you shall ever know, may know.

it is the choic being made, one life, one choice, one chance, to find out.

elyana wanted to find out, and she did anything for it to find out, which made her find out. she found out how far she could go, how far she could fly, fly higher, than most could have ever imagined, especially her parents.

she created a change in history. she alone, not many, not the company, the company became a tool to her, just by embracing, she facilitated the reality of a whole company becoming her tool. even tough the factory was not a tool itself, was not created by a tool, nor led by a tool, though for a moment she made it her tool, and the company elyana into a tool. as they used her, the opportunity, the chance, with the risk, to rise above, to annihilate the other, everything.

everybody becomes a tool, in whatever situation, in someones story, at one time, at whatever point you are in life. and that is fine, as there is and has never been anything wrong with being a tool. never, to embrace together, tools becoming the hands and hands the tools.

a system working together, creating the story of earth, the history of earth. and there is no fault to this cycle, as even if everybody would embrace, all it would mean, more thrills, more excitement, more progress. even if every single human would embrace, it would just create even more beauty, and the cruelty it of course came with, and the cycle could continue. and no apex embracing, escaping is a possibility, yes, though, what would it cause?

a dull story? well yes, though, not violent and ugly.

good and bad.

there is only cruelty and turning this cruelty into beauty.

the choice.

dullness or thrills and sass.

though history shows that this would never happen, no apex embracing, as this is the cycle of cruelty, some shall always escape, everyone may get the chance to escape it.

everybody gets the same chance.

history is the demonstration, of it all, everything there is wrong with us humans, with wrongs, all the ugliness created all the violence. unnecessary violence, violence, not causing any change, but just tales of sorrow and disgust.

disgusting endings, with the endless tale of sorrow, humans thinking so many things matter, living in their illusion, instead of just life, and live life, enjoy life, experience life.

everything must keep the illusion alive. denial is bliss.

embracing is thrills.

and so started her flight, knowing she would fly higher than her parents ever could, and ever will. her rise, she was responsible for it, the reality, is the reality she took care of happening, with all off her heart, she took what it takes.

is it privilege being abused every single day, though born in influential circumstances. do girls usual end up like her, when experiencing horror like this.

no, most times, drug addiction, mental illness, and suicide, inevitable suicide, drug overdose, or going missing.

already that she made it that far, was abnormal, and the most abnormal, actually impossible thing was, that she escaped the grip of her parents. it would have been seen, always, as impossible, even her parents thought it impossible, and that was exactly their mistake, as in most cases, those impossible things, are possible, you just got to be ready to do anything for it, necessary evil, sacrifice, and with it, those simple things, everything can be made possible, if there exists in the begin, the slightest of chance it happening.

it is very likely impossible to turn into another moon and be the cause of humans extinction and cause an apocalypse.

all though, perhaps not turn yourself into another moon, but do something similar. build another moon or destroy the existing one.

there most would also right away say, impossible, though, no, what does it make impossible? it just takes a lot of dedication, which does not make it impossible, just very hard to achieve.

there is impossiblity, chances are zero. and then there are things that are just very unlikely to happen. probabilities, chances to zero to happen, though that is not impossible. it is very much possible, as long as there is just the slightest chance of it being able to happen, the term impossible just does not fit, is just wrong.

very likely to happen, possible, very, very, unlikely to happen, still possible.

and elyana did it, what made it possible, or so impossible. as most would not be ready to make the sacrifice, and dedicate, to the messages, have the patience.

just because most are not ready for plenty of things, does not mean they are not possible.

they very sure are, just most are not ready for it.

so they deny, create the illusion, denial is bliss.

and with it, create the illusion, and the illusion becomes the reality. and the apex once again hunts himself, preys on himself and others, and especially children.

so many children, with such big dreams, but all they hear is, o not possible, o rather not try that, o, o, o o o.

children being and always been a threat to the illusion.

so the grown ups pray on them, until those children become grown ups and the children become a threat to them, and they pray on those.

and it repeats, the cycle of cruelty. the cruelty of being the apex.

for eylana became more, an escapee of the cycle of cruelty.

for it was her choice so, she embraced, was ready to do it all, and this choice, and then seizing it, those actions, the action, breaks you out of the cycle.

you break free from it, by action, leave the cycle, and start the rise, or fall. as of that moment, there is no going back, the actions breaking you out, may forever hunt you, there is no escaping it neither. it shall be all in your hands as of then, all of it. your life, your future, in your hands, becoming your past, and that is your story, you shaped.

the only life path, is not in front, but behind you. and you get to choose, to make this path, to walk the path, which is the most fun to you.

and that is the life path, in front of you, not a certain destination, or goal, or fate, destiny nor any of the delusional phrases humans have given it.

the path in front you is called joy, having fun, being in the moment, to live without rules, to do what is necessary, and not care.

this choice, that is a life path. i shall create a certain life path, your life path, as you shall do what is most fun to you and only you. and this shall create this life path, you shall see, once in the past, at the end of the line, in your death bed.

the night sky full of shimmering stars, turning into shooting stars, one last time, the final curtain call, das finale ende.

for elyana, it was set, to experience at the end of the line. when the reaper calls her name.

for now, it was her time to shine, to fly, to glow, to create shimmering stars.

patience, patience plays always such a huge part, looking forward to something, being able to enjoy this tickling feeling. letting it wash over you.

to not endure, but to embrace. wanting to feel it all and nothing. being ready to feel it all and nothing. devotion.

there is nothing like it. and there shall never be.

the cycle of the apex.

you are an apex predator, hunted and prayed on by other apexes, which can only be your own kind, as that defines the apex.

and when do they best pray on you? when you are the most vulnerable. as a child.

children, and we all were children ones, so we are all victims of it, prey of it, but we get to choose to become the predator, to hunt on them, or to embrace them.

as they will anyways become victims of it, in one way or another.

and who suits better to make this decision than their parents?

parents, embrace your children. choose to not hunt them, prey on them, but to embrace them, love them and cherish them.

you are only a shadow of them as of their birth. as once you put them into the world without asking them, this is the choice you made by that, it comes with it.

the sacrifice, for the beauty and the cruelty.

elyanas parents chose the opposite, they chose, elyana shall become a shadow of them, and her being their favorite meal. favorite pray to hunt on.

their favorite little toy. elyana was no exception, in most cases, as so many things can happen behind closed walls, and even in wide public. the general assumption, illusion grow ups create, it is okay to abuse children, it is okay to treat them differently, with far less respect, like a second class citizen.

as a collective, they hunt them, systematically, they prey on them.

eylana was just another extreme victim of it, only that elyana, facilitated all this sheer cruelty into beauty, by making the choice to embrace her. after making the choice to take her life.

and surviving. because she was not ready, she did not do anything for it, did not mind the details, her parents did, and she survived.

she did not win nor lose, she just survived. and got again the chance to make the choice.

nothing more or less.

and in this anyways from the beginning extra time, she made the choice.

now, because of that, as a direct consequence of making this choice, she is now in the position she is in, in a position of influence, in a reality she made happen, she took care of.

to keep running, keep pulling and pushing through, again and again and again, being ready to do this and that, everything, anything, to turn it into reality, as it is so much fun, the thrill of it, the rush of it, it consumes you, in endless real bliss.

the only bliss that matters, of feeling it all.

the choice, between the bliss of feeling it all, and embracing, or the bliss of feeling nothing, and denying.

what choice shall you make?

elyana kept creating and thriving, feeling it all, in the battle of the cooperate worlds. two companies, in a final boss fight, though the odds for her parents company was low.

what they did not mind is that, elyana can be capable, not just the abused little slut, they raised her to be, just three holes for the pleasure of women and men.

they raised her like this, though she decided herself what to be and what not to be, the first step, raising yourself, listening to yourself and nobody else, to this inner voice, talking, screaming, especially in moments of terror, we may act the most noble, as this voice, becomes our voice, it becomes as, as in terror we shall not, finally think, overthink, but just do, trust and do, trust into yourself and do, and do, again and again. which makes it noble, creates cruelty and the beauty with it, is what it means to be noble, elegance. class and style.

this something, which we all have inside of ourselves, born with it, not asked to be born, on the other side, from right away start, given, having, what it takes to make the best out of it, the most fun out of it, the most enjoyable.

in terror most can embrace themselves get a short blink inside themselves, what they are. it is always noble, as beauty, is noble, as beauty must be created out of cruelty, or in some dance or connection be with this cruelty, is a must, inevitable, which makes it inevitable, noble, shows elegance, class and style.

even if it may be pure, well to most, considered pure evil, embrace this pure evil. who are them, most, to judge your beauty. they are not gods, and even if, or even god himself shall step in front of you, how could he judge you, for you embracing what he created?

or judge it, who is he to judge? you are having fun, have fun, it is unfair and cruel to be born, it does not have to unfair and cruel to live.

suicide or embracing, there is nothing else for me.

there is nothing else for elyana. elyana knew, there is no other way, not for her, never ever. she saw, she experienced, she experienced death, it all.

her parents underestimating her, not even that, just pride, pure pride, becoming their fall, for thinking, others are not capable enough, sharper, to outplay them, to attack them, to make them vulnerable. everyone is able to embrace, everybody is capable.

elyana may never forget this, everyone is capable, of what she did, is doing, as she was able to do it. she is not special, she knew that.

all she did, was make a choice, one single choice, that changed everything. and being ready for this choice.

she was ready to end her life, she almost did. and she wanted to, she had had enough.

have you had enough?

if the answer is yes, a pure and honest yes, there is no way, you are not ready for anything else, also giving it a chance again, being ready to wait for the inevitable, death, and until then, thrive to the top.

if not, you did not have had enough, you may want to tell yourself, as you would wish so, so, so dearly, though, denying you actually do want to be alive.

although, not with all this suffering. otherwise, you would love to live, stay alive, had not have enough by far. you even had too little, the opposite, complete opposite.

but denial stays bliss, pure bliss, wishing for death, wanting to escape the reality, that you did not have had enough, but that you have had too little.

and changing that, well for that, change is necessary, actions, going into action. doing something about it, facing what you are, starting to embrace in the end. to hurt others, to also be evil, to stand up for yourself, to fight back, to not take crap, or make do with pathetic nor ridiculous standards.

for some it may take courage, some it takes enough suffering, being in pain, though in the end, there is nothing difficult about it, as it is fun, there is nothing difficult about having fun, enjoying yourself. it is quite fun to have fun, quite enjoyable to enjoy yourself. it may look hard, exhausting, but the sheer excitement, to keep pulling and pushing through, not sleeping, feeling like dropping dead, and miserable, though, nothing inside yourself wants to stop, either drop dead or to keep running, until the end of the line, to fly higher than you yourself could have ever imagined. there is no other way, not for anyone. like anyone in the end gives a crap.

just keep running.

even if it means losing your mind. even if it means losing everything, nothing else matters, but this, so there is nothing to lose in the end, but trying to make it, not even make it in the end, but to just go the distance, the furthest, as far as you can, trying to make it as far as you can, the distance. until the reapers calls your name.

suicide is an escape from this, there is a way to run from all of this, there is escape, when every day feels the same, an exit door, an emergency exit.

i always carry around a blade with me, always keep a bullet for yourself, just to make sure.

and nobody shall tell me there is anything wrong with that, not doing it to yourself anymore, the torture of life, the torture it can be, all the cruelty.

anyone dare judge this, just in denial, they would wish for it, being able to do at least this, but even there, denial, delusion is bliss, the illusion, it is remedy, and one day, we all shall experience this escape.

one day, we all shall experience it, it is certain, certain and inevitable, being born, but with the absolute certainness it is not forever.

it is not forever, one day it will end for sure, one day, everything will be over.

liberation from all of it, and anybody, trying to sell you anything else, is in denial, to face this cruelty, as well there, why judge them?

why face the cycle of cruelty, the cycle of humans life, the cycle of the apex.

though to not judge the decision for delusion, denial nor keeping up the illusion, though not judge the decision for suicide, or embracing.

elyana lived in delusion, decided to take her own life, once, she did not want to anymore, before she could realize the decision for embracing.

did it have to come so far? afterwards, does it still even matter?

it is her life, she only has to mind her life, the ones that will make it, shall make, some just make it, some just do not.

for now, it was her, doing her, minding her.

rising to the top of the cooperate world.

the first time she met her parents again was in front of court, in person, she saw them again, and nothing changed the fact, how flawless they looked, standing there, like nothing ever happened, their eyes did not lie, they knew what they did, though inside, they did not deny, they lied yes, but they just lied, there was nothing they needed to admit to themselves.

all the time, they did just not care, as they felt untouchable and still do, and most likely they shall be untouchable, and not carry and personal consequences, though, elyana calculated this in, and she knew, this not what she wanted, it would give her nothing, no, with the fall of her parents and the rise of the competition cooperation, was also her rise.

to fly higher, faster, than most could ever rise. knowing there was no downside, rising fast and high, yes, always comes with the downside, of falling deep, as so many details not minded while the flight, and those, do calculate up, until it cannot hold it self anymore, and the fall comes.

though, elyana just rised high, because her strategy was, the opportunity she seized, a once in a lifetime chance, it was not fortune, it was her doing the necessary, and all the sacrifices she brought for it.

it was her parents fall, and her rise. apexes hunting and preying on apexes, it is then it shows, elyana just embraced more, knowing also her parents would come back, their company would not go bankrupt, never, just that they would not be number one anymore, and she using it, for her rise.

all of the hearings was in interest of the public, the utmost interest of the whole country and a large amount of the world.

and the question was if all those people, really were, the way they were, if all of this could really be true, or is it just a smart move by the competition.

why should their own daughter go against them?

for sure she is lying, whored around, did not get her inheritance as promised because of that, and now wants to get her money like this.

who knows how much the competition is paying her for this.

even though she was now already soon a woman, and if nowadays women say, they got raped, victim blaming and all else, got much less, fortunately.

all though in this situation she was not a woman, it did not matter, what or who she was, all she was to everybody, was a child.

the child from those fancy people, and seen like that, suddenly everybody fighting for women rights, forgot they did, as now it was not, as it was not, as it was just a child.

a child, who was so unthankful, so disrespectful, against her own parents.

how could she do that? to her own parents, where is the gratitude for giving her life, raising her, not throwing her in the gutter as a newborn.

how could she not honor her parents.

a freak show.

a girl raped in ways most could not imagine, abused in ways most could not imagine, though the initiate reaction, this.

this atrocity. it was unbelievable, though the standard, children treated like trash, like second class citizens.

forever, whatever age, as soon they were in the role of a child, as the child, they were second class citizens.

all of us, were in a position of becoming second class citizens, though no one cared, nor seemed to bother.

no one did. the apexes who hunted on the apexes, hunting on the newborn apexes, the same way they were hunted.

the illusion must be kept alive, must survive, must not break.

kafkaesk sure it was.

prey becoming predator, predators again prey, predators preying upon ones they themselves were, and know how it feels like. the same prey, doing later on, the same.

most, and then there are the ones that break through the cycle, that escape, the chains and break themselves free, not predators, not prey, in the end, but something more.

human.

hunting when necessary, and being hunted when it happens.

although, never stopping to hunt.

to never stop running, until the end of the line, until you flatline.

there is no other way, no other real way, matching it, o not in the slightest.

embracing what you are, the apex, not predator, nor prey, no, human.

a human being with feelings and thoughts, individuality, and everything it comes with.

so, so, so much more than animals, able to behave so much more than animals.

human, with it the cruelty it comes with, and its inevitable beauty.

to be human means to be necessary evil. with humans necessary evil came to life, humans created cruelty, with humans came cruelty, and most of all beauty.

beauty was created, humans, which can perceive beauty as such, as it is, the beauty of beauty.

conceive it, perceive it, the beauty of things.

invent cruelty, to create beauty, do the necessary evil, go the distance, until the end of the line.

again and again and again, so many stars, so many pictures, created by falling, shooting stars, wondrous, indescribable pictures of pure beauty, individual embraced stories, coming to their end, in their final moments, unravelling, into the work of art they are, and were meant to be, unfolding, the endgame.

until the end of line, to just keep running, to go all the way, until the reaper calls ones name.

until the end of the line, straight over the edge, and flatline.

elyanas name was not called yet, not yet, she kept running.

face the atrocity, it did not matter to her, she just kept running, gliding through all of it, effortless, with ease.

it all did not matter, they are not sacrifices in the end, as they, all else did not matter anymore. so you just do it, you just do it, and you are going to do it, with ease, effortless, feeling the thrill of it.

enjoy it, how it makes you feel alive, how it shakes you out of the apathy and makes you feel alive, to feel everything and then nothing.

emotion after emotion, every emotion, shall come, shall make one feel individually alive, in a different, new exciting way, how they all melt together, into individual new stars, new memories, a new star joining all of the stars, all of the other stars, into your picture, your work of art.

until the final star, the final, ultimate moment, the end of the line.

elyana knew, that day would come, inevitably it would come, it was part of it, like the day happened where she was born, she was not asked, same when the reaper calls her name, he shall not ask her, he will just call it, the name, when it is time to flatline for her, when it is the end of the line for her, until she reachsd the end of the line.

it will happen, like everything happened, what happened, happened, and what is going to happen, is going to happen.

though, to make the difference, what are you going to make happen? what are you going to shape with your hands, form, are you going to embrace?

do anything what it takes for that? dare to look inside, to not dare, but to enjoy to look inside, deep inside, see it all, to the bottom, until you may say, we have reached the darkest spot now.

elyana looked down, knowing she looked up from that spot, she saw it, but it is something you may not really see but feel, feel the iceberg, the coldness, the beauty of it, the tip, the bottom, the darkness of the ocean, see it all, perceive it all, take it all in, all the way in, all the way, to go all the way for it.

it is everything, in a world where nothing is.

where nothing matters, there is nothing, as how can be something, something, if it does not matter?

there is nothing. nothing, nowhere.

though, this beauty, this potential to create this work of art, it is there, it for sure is there, and this, solely this, can be something, in a world of nothing.

for sure something for you, the pure joy, the bliss it shall grant you, the thrill, everything, astonished, by all of those falling stars.

see them, conceive them, perceive them, watch them fall, take them all in, let it wash all over you, let if fill you, every cell of your body, electrifying your body, for one last time, get a taste of it, the biggest taste yet, the last moment, shall be the last most beautiful one, everything leading up to this one moment, this one last moment, looking forward to death.

starless when born, not asked, full of stars in death, not asked, cruelty turned into beauty.

the cycle of the apex predator, destined, the something more, to be more, if he decides that he wants to be more.

human. it is what it means to be human.

to live with standards, with class and style, nobility and elegance.

to not behave like a primitive animal, to be more.

decide to be more, most will never, they shall be only maggots to you, peasants, though those many, living for and by few, and those few, having to go against those many on the other hand, again and again and again.

a beautiful cycle, the cycle of the apexes. and if everybody should decide to be more, to embrace, just another beautiful cycle may be created.

cruelty into beauty.

to become human means to become cruelty.

to become human means to become beauty.

elyana became cruelty, so she became beauty. everybody doubting it, everybody hating on the child, how can she not be thankful.

the illusion most be kept alive, as most wished for death, for remedy.

too tired to stay, but too scared to leave.

the illusion must be kept alive, by all means.

elyana fought against something, that cannot be defeated.

as the illusion cannot break. not this one, so children, forever being in a position of being less.

fortunate, it means same rules apply for everyone, as everyone is a child once.

everybody experiencing the cruelty of it, and then, sooner or later, being in the opposite position, having nothing to do for it, than to be born, and grow, become old enough.

we all shall face this cruelty.

we all shall build our own personal horror houses.

live through our own personal horror houses.

and may escape it, break through the cycle, or an entire life, be trapped in it, and most likely, in this one last moment, in the moment of death, the illusion breaking, seeing this empty sky, and seeing all of this potential, not used, and gone, forever, a work of art, never to be created, and never to be recreated, only and solely once, one chance, one opportunity.

all of our own personal horror houses, to create them into the work of arts they actually are.

just keep running. like you give a crap. there is no other way for you, not for you. even if it means losing your mind. show them, show them all. as what if?

be ready to do anything for it.

love and enjoy to pull that god forsaken trigger, to be in this war.

Sunny Wankel Valencia / Chappie Freud Heisenberg

A symbiosis between AI and Human, inorganic and organic.

In memory of every child which committed suicide or evil because of family trauma.